The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The December Bookman, a Special Christmas Number, will contain a series of beautifully reproduced presentation plate portraits in chalk of H. G. Wells, Stephen McKenna, Frank Swinnerton, John Drinkwater, Patrick MacGill, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Viola Meynell and Daisy Ashford. Special sittings have been given for these, and they have been drawn exclusively for The Bookman by Robert J. Swan. In addition to all our usual monthly features, the Christmas Number will contain many other presentation plates in colour and black-and-white, and four large Illustrated Supplements dealing with the new books of the season. The literary contents will include articles on "The Younger Novelists," by R. Ellis Roberts; "The Younger Poets," by Wilfrid L. Randell; "Ben Jonson," by George Saintsbury; "The Children's Hour," by Katharine Tynan; "Donne's Prose," by Dr. James Moffatt; "Ruskin in Wigtown"; a Bookman Gallery article on Stacy Aumonier, etc.

Readers are urged to place their orders for the Christmas Number without delay as the edition will be limited, and it cannot be reprinted.

"Children of No Man's Land," a new novel by G. B. Stern, will be published immediately by Messrs. Duckworth.

Two books of very different qualities that will be equally sure of a wide welcome are a collection of new stories by Max Beerbohm, "Seven Men"; and another by the inimitable Mr. Dooley, "On Making a Will and Other Necessary Evils." Both are to be published immediately by Mr. Heinemann.

Another book of "Bartimeus's" short stories, "An Awfully Big Adventure," is to be published forthwith by Messrs. Cassell.

Messrs. Cassell are also publishing a new novel by Robert Hichens, "Mrs. Marden"; and a story of rural life, "Sheepskins and Grey Russet," by E. Temple Thurston, with illustrations by Emile Verpilleux.

Messrs. G. Bell & Sons are publishing a volume of "Victorian Recollections" by John Bridges, a brother of the Poet Laureate.

"Saints and Their Stories," written for children by Peggy Webling, and illustrated by F. Cayley Robinson, will be published this month by Messrs. Nisbet. Miss Webling's new novel, "The Scent Shop," is due from Messrs. Hutchinson; and she is publishing as a venture of her own, "Verses to Men," a book for Christmas, with a frontispiece by Leo Bates.

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Mr. William Johnston,

whose new novel, "Limpy" (Jarrolds), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN. Mr. Johnston (left) is chatting with Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks in Chaplin's studio, Hollywood, California.

"Spade Work," Mrs. Henry Dudeney's new novel, which Messrs. Hutchinson have published, is another story of that Sussex life she knows so well and has pictured so vividly in other of her books. Though it begins in the precincts of Westminster Abbey, all the rest of it happens at Angmering, and in and around the old Pigeon House that was once her home.

A new collection of songs of war and miscellaneous verses, "The Guards Came Through, and Other Poems," by Sir A. Conan Doyle will be published this month by Mr. John Murray.

Two important books that Mr. John Lane is publishing are "The Life and Work of John Zoffany, R.A.", by Lady Victoria Manners and Dr. G. C. Williamson; and "Jacob Epstein and His Work," by Bernard Vandieren.

A new volume of Maeterlinck's essays, "Mountain Paths," translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, will be published this month by Messrs. Methuen.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan has written a timely book on "Spiritualism: A Personal Experience and a Warning," which the Religious Tract Society is publishing.

"The Twentieth Plane," by Dr. Albert Durrant Watson, which Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are publishing, is "a psychic revelation," and contains messages received through an extraordinary Canadian medium from Socrates, Abraham Lincoln, Coleridge, and other great men who have passed over.

Mr. Stanley Paul has added to his cheap reprints Dolf Wyllarde's story of stage life, "The Career of Beauty Darling," and "Jill-All-Alone," by Rita.

A new book by Rita, "The Truth of Spiritualism," will be published this month by Mr. Werner Laurie; who is also publishing "Contact with the Other World: The Latest Evidence as to Communication with the Dead," by James H. Hyslop.

Mr. Arthur E. Baker has prepared "A Concordance to the Poems of Arthur Henry Hallam," which will be published by Mr. Elkin Mathews to subscribers at 15s. net. It contains about 8,000 quotations and over 3,000 key-words. The verbal index to Hallam's poetical works has been edited by Richard Le Gallienne.

Mr. Elkin Mathews is publishing a uniform edition of the works of Lord Dunsany, including "Tales of Wonder," "The Book of Wonder," and "The Gods of Pegana," each with illustrations by S. H. Sime; "Unhappy Far-Off Things," and "Fifty-One Tales," with a new portrait of the author.

Messrs. T. & T. Clark announce for this month "A History of the Christian Church," by Professor Williston Walker, D.D.

Messrs. Longmans have almost ready for publication "Mount Music," the last novel of those delightful Irish humorists, E. Œ. Somerville and Martin

Madame Yukio Ozaki,

who has translated the "Romances of Old Japan," which Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall have just published.

Photo by Wrather & Buys. **Mr. Edgar Wallace.**

Ross. They are publishing also "Wanderings and Memories," a narrative of forty-five years of travel in out-of-the-way places among strange people, by S. G. Millais; and "A Naturalist's Sketch-Book," by Archibald Thorburn.

The Rev. W. S. Crockett, minister of Tweedsmuir, whose "Scott Country," "Scott Originals," "Footsteps of Scott," etc., are known to Scott lovers everywhere, has had in hand for some time a work which, curiously, has never been attempted before, namely, a Bibliography of Sir Walter. This will comprise practically every publication connected with Scott, both in book form and in magazine article. An important feature will be a complete record of the Waverley Manuscripts. All of these Mr. Crockett has been able to trace, and he will furnish also an account of the foreign translations of Scott into all European languages and many Eastern tongues as well, including Chinese and Japanese. The work promises to be one of the fullest Bibliographies in existence, and throws much new light on the popularity of Scott. Only a limited number will be printed.

In her new novel, "Cathy Rossiter," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing, Mrs. Victor Rickard writes of the world as it has become since the war ended. Her heroine, whole-hearted, impulsive, the friend of everybody in trouble, marries a man who will, she believes, be in sympathy with her altruistic ideals and she hopes that under her inspiration he will do big things in the service of mankind. But his friends think her socialistic principles and behaviour will ruin his chances and prove a barrier to his career, and they influence him against her with disastrous results. It is a strong story, essentially modern in spirit, and, incidentally, Mrs. Rickard's exposure of the laxity of our lunacy laws seems likely to cause something of a sensation.

Mr. Edgar Wallace, whose new novel, "The Green Rust," Messrs. Ward, Lock are publishing, has found opportunities during a very busy journalistic career to write a goodly number of novels, the most successful of which has been "The Four Just Men," of which over six hundred thousand copies have been sold. He began writing while he was private in the R.A.M.C. in South Africa. Leaving the Army, he was appointed war correspondent for Reuter, and afterwards for the *Daily Mail*, for which paper he secured a sensational news "scoop," the news of the signing of the peace between the Boers and Britain being sent through to London three days before it was officially announced. Mr. Wallace has written many adventure stories, the most popular of which have been his West African sketches. He founded and edited the *Rand Daily Mail*, now one of the leading newspapers in the

Mrs. Victor Rickard.

Antipodes; coming home, he edited in succession the *Evening News*, the *Evening Times*, and several weeklies; at present he is editing *Town Topics*, though most of his time is occupied in writing novels and short stories for the English and American magazines.

The first three books of the newest of London publishers, Mr. R. Cobden-Sanderson, will be "The Evolution of an Intellectual," by John Middleton Murry, an intimate study of the effects of the great war on a typical modern mind; "Wordsworth: An Anthology," with a prefatory note by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson; and a selection of the "Poems and Sonnets" of Edmond G. A. Holmes. These will be ready this month. Mr. Cobden-Sanderson is publishing early next year "In Quest of an Ideal: An Autobiography," by Edmond G. A. Holmes—a brief story of the inner life of the author.

Messrs. Mills & Boon are publishing "The Cruise of the Scandal," a new series of short stories by Victor Bridges, two of whose novels, "The Man from Nowhere" and "Mr. Lyndon at Liberty," are now running successfully at the cinema theatres. The film rights of his last novel, "The Lady from Long Acre," which Messrs. Mills & Boon now issue in a cheap edition, have just been purchased by the Anita Stuart Co., of New York.

A book-lover's arm-chair book of essays, "The Book-Hunter at Home," by P. B. M. Allan, will be published this month by Messrs. Philip Allan & Co.

Mr. Herbert Trench, whose play, "Napoleon," has been very successfully produced by the Stage Society, is a Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, and, like another poet, Matthew Arnold, was for many years at the Board of Education. He is an Irishman from the South, and his first long poem told the immortal story of the love and death of Deidre. This was followed by "The Queen of Gothland," which mirrors the tragedy of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria. With "Apollo and the Seaman," published in 1907, he established his position among modern poets. Josef Holbrooke set this poem to music and the "Illuminated Symphony" was a performance which was stormily praised and blamed by the critics. Though his drama, "Napoleon," is a story of the great Emperor, many of its passages have a curious applicability to the late war. The Oxford Press now publishes a cheap edition of it, at 2s. 6d.

"Bristol Potteries: Being an Account of the Old Potters and Potteries of Bristol and Brislington," by W. J. Pountney, will be published this month by Messrs. Arrowsmith.

Mr. G. E. Raine, Chairman of the Policy Committee of the People's League, has written a timely study of "The Nationalisation Peril," which will be published this week by Mr. Thornton Butterworth.

"The Turning Point," by Edward Lewis, a new novel whose scenes are laid in the Midlands and in London, will be published this month by Messrs. Sampson Low.

Mr. John Murray has in the press "Homing with the Birds," a new story of nature lore by Gene Stratton Porter.

A story of modern journalistic life, "Prestige," by J. A. T. Lloyd, will be published immediately by Mr. Stanley Paul.

It is six years since Mr. H. H. Bashford's last novel made its appearance. He has written another, "A Plain Girl's Tale," which Messrs. Collins are about to publish—the story of a girl sprung from the artisan class, and of present-day society, as seen through her eyes.

Among the new novels Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing in the next few weeks are "Peter Jackson, Cigar Merchant," a romance of married life, by Gilbert Frankau, and "The Little Soul," by Elinor Mordaunt, a realistic character story with an English setting.

A revised and much enlarged edition of "For Remembrance: Soldier Poets who have Fallen in the War," by A. St. John Adcock, with additional portraits will be published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton before the end of November.

Messrs. Macmillan are publishing a volume of "Persian Tales," translated from the original Kermāni and Bakhtiari by D. L. R. Lorimer and E. O. Lorimer. It will be illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Hilda Roberts.

THE READER.

MARY ANN EVANS AND GEORGE ELIOT (1819-1919).

By George Sampson.

IT is said that when Robert Browning married Elizabeth Barrett a wag exclaimed wittily, if profanely, "Now these are not two Incomprehensibles, but one Incomprehensible." If we may make a further selection of the language prescribed by statute for the brightening of the Greater Festivals, we should say of the remarkable woman who married Mr. Cross and did not marry Mr. Lewes, that she represented an astonishing union of two Comprehensibles into one Incomprehensible. Thus: Miss Mary Ann Evans is easily comprehensible; George Eliot is also comprehensible, though a little less easily, for creative power is more puzzling to understand than acquisitive power; the really incomprehensible fact is the union of Mary Ann Evans and George Eliot in the same person. It is almost as staggering as if Miss Peggy Webling should turn out to be Mr. Sidney Webb.

The difficulty of the combination extends all through the piece. If you turn to the official biography you find the life of Mary Ann Evans, not the life of George Eliot. If you turn to the letters and journals, you find the letters and journals of Mary Ann Evans, not the letters and journals of George Eliot. Such personalia as are available relate solely to Miss Evans; and the Pleasant Sunday Afternoons spent by visitors at St. John's Wood or elsewhere were certainly not spent with George Eliot. In short, we are inclined to say that Miss Evans gets in the way of George Eliot a great deal too much. The lofty young critic of to-day who declares that he can't stand George Eliot will, on examination, prove to be in a state of annoyance with Miss Evans. I think we ought to devote a little space to this intrusive lady and her kind.

Sir Henry Newbolt, in a recent utterance that revealed him to a serious and astonished audience as a delightfully humorous after-dinner speaker, bewailed the unpopularity of the intelligentsia. We know more than other people, he remarked with feeling, and if we know more than other people, why then should they not respect us? And he went on to suggest that this undoubted dislike arose from the fact that the intelligentsia are learned in a way in which ordinary persons know they are not learned, and suspect they are despised for not being learned. Walter Bagehot was expressing the same idea when he said that Gibbon hastily left Lausanne in 1792 because he had arrived at the conclusion that he was the sort of person the populace always kill. I believe the reason is a very simple one—almost a very healthy one. The populace dislike the intelligentsia because they feel that the intelligentsia are not intelligent. Let me give a couple of examples. The other day a superior weekly review committed the assertion that Thackeray was a greater writer than Dickens because he had been to a public school and could quote Horace "in the original." Some time before this, a distinguished professor had proclaimed, with a finality prohibitive of contradiction, that translation and retranslation from and into Latin was "undoubtedly the surest (if not the only) way to master English writing." Now that is the sort of thing the intelligentsia say; and it is simply not intelligent. Utterances like these have done far more to bring discredit upon a classical education than all the frontal attacks by devotees of science and other deadly forms of useful knowledge; and utterances like these are constantly emitted by the superior lips of the intelligentsia.

Well, Miss Mary Ann Evans was a conspicuous member of this irritating class. For her time and station she was almost painfully learned. She was born, as we all know, on November 22nd, 1819, in the Warwickshire Midlands, where her father was a land agent. For twenty years she lived among the rural aborigines, George Eliot silently observing, Mary Ann Evans assiduously studying. Her acquisitions were numerous and paralysingly thorough. German, French, Italian, and the classics were attacked, not in the genteel ladylike fashion that provided what Mrs. General would call a surface, but in the almost menacingly complete way that provided what the modern High School mistress would call a foundation. Always serious, she was necessarily thrown by the nature of her surroundings into deep and deeper communion with herself, and, as often happens with such characters, her spiritual combats were many

George Eliot.

Replica by M. d'Albert Durade of a portrait painted by him at Geneva in 1849.

South Farm, Nuneaton.
George Eliot's birthplace, November 22, 1819.

and their issues various. It seems almost inevitable that persons who are to display decided views of faith or morals should begin by being something decidedly different. Saints have begun as rakes, cardinals as Low Churchmen, agnostics as curates, Tories as Radicals, spiritualists as scientists, and so on. The people whose faith is a matter of routine go placidly on without change. Bishops never undergo conversion to anything unbishoply; though certainly one archdeacon abandoned his famous functions and transferred himself to a rival persuasion, in which, it is true, he became an archbishop and cardinal to boot, and may have been vouchsafed a beatific vision of that possibility. But at least he took the risk. The learned Miss Evans (who more immediately concerns us) became deeply religious, and, in particular, professed and called herself an evangelical. Now whatever else evangelicals may be, they are usually tenacious, and not unusually aggressive. Miss Evans's evangelicalism, for instance, synchronised with the "Tracts for the Times" and with speculative materialisms about both of which the evangelicals were expressing their dissatisfaction with considerable force. The Tracts did not convert Miss Evans to neo-Catholicism, nor did the materialists make her conspicuously material; and that she remained faithful and evangelical, though so learned, in an age when spiritual edifices were rocking to their foundations, was a fact that caused much content in a wide and respectable circle.

When Miss Evans was about twenty-two, her father, whose housekeeper she had been for some years, moved to Coventry, where, in gratefully urban surroundings, she continued her life of study and formed several valuable friendships, chiefly with the Brays, a highly cultured group, composed of Charles Bray, author of "The Philosophy of Necessity" and other speculative works, his wife, and his wife's sister, Miss Hennell. She read and digested vast quantities of books, and under the influence of her new friends turned her attention to the more debatable aspects of religion and philosophy. The story runs that the very learned and religious Miss Evans was introduced to the Brays by some one who hoped that the spectacle of so much faith and learning combined in the person of one young lady might lead them to a reconsideration of their agnosticism; but, as might have been foreseen, the conversion was effected in the other direction, and by 1844 the sometime pillar of evangelicalism was engaged in completing a translation of Strauss's dreadfully unorthodox "Life of Jesus," which may be read to this day, should any so desire, in the version that is mainly hers. She was then twenty-five, and, if we may venture to say so, in urgent need of some sort of reformation or spiritual reconstruction, for, with all her gifts, she was little more than a very unpleasing specimen of provincial pietism, thinking concerts sinful, novels an invention of the devil, and theatres the ante-chamber of hell. Even the frequent marriages she heard of made her sigh as at a sort of wantoning in sin. Altogether she offered an excellent and repellent example of the strange paradox that compels very religious people of a certain type to affirm their faith by an attitude of chronic and irritable denial. In her own case the expiation was complete. The contemner of concerts became a devotee of music—almost her only tolerable verses being a reminiscence of

Griff House, Nuneaton.
George Eliot was taken here when four months old, March, 1820, and here she spent the first twenty-one years of her life.

N. P. G., London. **Robert Evans,**
George Eliot's father.
From a water colour by Mrs. Charles Bray, 1842.

the Monday Pops. The despiser of novels became the leading woman novelist of her time. The scorner of connubial happiness lived to enjoy that happiness without the respectable sanction of a ceremony.

In 1849, after the death of her father, Miss Evans went abroad with the Brays, and soon after her return in the following year, was invited by Chapman (who had published the "Life of Jesus") to assist in editing *The Westminster Review*, the organ of all the isms that were not theological. Presently she was established *chez* Chapman in the Strand, and meeting the Martineaus, Herbert Spencer, George Henry Lewes and the other oppressively clever people who made the *Westminster*, if not, like good champagne, very sparkling, then at least, like good champagne, very dry. One of these, however, must be exempted from the general desiccation. George Henry Lewes was so far not dull that many earnest people (including Miss Evans) thought him frivolous. He was the grandson of the original Marlow in "She Stoops to Conquer"; and though he had sunk to compiling a "History of Philosophy" (which is still the most readable thing of its kind) his heart was in the theatre, to which he had contributed not only plays but his bodily presence; for in Manchester he had appeared as Shylock to the disgusted Bassanio of Barry Sullivan, and as Don Gomez de la Vega in his own tragedy, "The Noble Heart." Further, between 1850–1854 he contributed to the *Leader* a series of gay and pungent dramatic criticisms signed "Vivian," combining gravity of matter with levity of manner in a way that we have come to consider the peculiar property of Mr. Bernard Shaw. When it is added that he was one of the ugliest men in London, it will be seen that he offered a sum of attractions irresistible to our former evangelical. He was married, but had for some time been separated from an impossible wife. In 1853 Miss Evans confessed to Miss Hennell that Lewes had won her liking in spite of herself; in 1854 they went to Germany together and began the irregular union that ended only with the death of Lewes in 1878. Him, too, had fate marked down for expiatory sacrifice. Not long before, in the early fifties, he had written a mock serious attack on "Writing Women," urging them to burn their pens and buy wool. "Armchairs are to be made, waistcoats to be embroidered." For the rest of his life he was to be the protector of the chief "writing woman" of the time, if, indeed, he may not be called her creator. Two years after their union, "The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton" was begun at the suggestion of Lewes. It was published in *Blackwood* for January and February, 1857, and George Eliot suddenly appeared before an admiring public.

Miss Evans was thirty-seven when George Eliot was born. That she should have been born at all in such circumstances is astonishing; that she should have been born, Minerva-like, in full panoply, is almost miraculous. In the first story an experienced reader can point to occasional traces of awkwardness in the abrupt transitions from one set of circumstances to another, indicating a technique not yet perfect; but

Photo by Will F. Taylor, Clears, Reigate. **George Eliot's School.**
George Eliot first went to school at the house on the right. The gate just opposite, on the left, leads to Griff House where she lived.

otherwise the touch of the master is much surer in this first performance than in the last. Technically there is simply no fault at all in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," the second of the "Scenes." It is George Eliot's one perfect story capable of improvement neither by addition nor subtraction. Before the end of the year "Janet's Repentance" appeared, and her first book, unattractively entitled "Scenes of Clerical Life," was complete. Dickens at once spotted the author as a woman. In 1859, when "Adam Bede" was published, George Eliot not merely scored a popular success, but took her place in the front rank of contemporary writers. Had Lewes any share in this remarkable manifestation? His acquirements were many, his experience wide, his mind supple. He had written plays, criticisms, and even novels. Was he the George and she the Eliot of a concealed collaboration? I think almost certainly not. The matter, for sure, is all hers. The stories are heavy with the "argillaceous earth" of the Midlands. Adam Bede is George Eliot's father, so is Caleb Garth, so is Mr. Tulliver. "The Mill on the Floss" (her third book) is largely autobiographical. The grown-up Maggie may be disappointing, but there are few children in fiction more appealing than the "little wench" with her brown skin and rebellious black hair, wildly passionate, overflowing with love and the desire for love, the puzzle of her wondering and placid mother, the delight of her sturdy and headstrong father. The life of the children Tom and Maggie Tulliver is the life of the children Isaac and Mary Evans, with this important difference, that Mary went on gaining an ever stronger hold on life and its meaning, while Maggie sped stormily hither and thither, shattering herself at every turn, till the waters of the Floss closed at last over a shipwrecked life. Lewes had nothing to do with all that! What he may have contributed is the guiding hand of sane criticism, for his critical powers were of a vastly higher order than the creative power that produced his novels and plays; and certainly he contributed the rounding, the sweetening, the enhancing of personal life which Mary Evans needed for harmonious development. He was what chemists call a "catalyst": he did not combine, he enabled. The puzzle is how the heavy rustic humour came. They were both intensely intellectual; and mere intellect cannot create. What is wanted (says Bagehot) is to be able to

Photo by Will F. Taylor, Clears, Reigate. **Arbury Mill.**

This mill, which is not now in use, is close to George Eliot's early home and is said to be the original of the "Mill on the Floss."

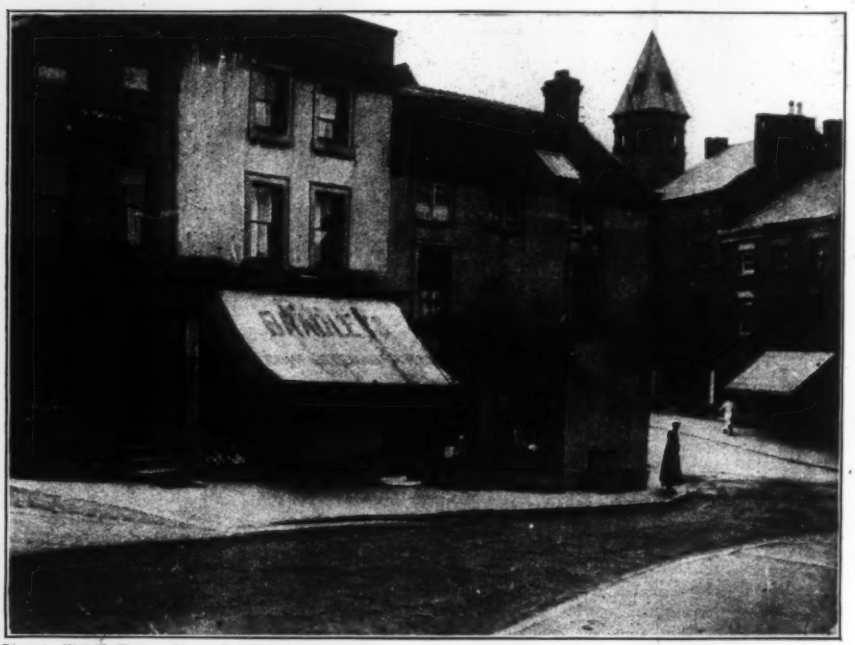


Photo by Will F. Taylor, Clears, Reigate. **Wirksworth,**

the "Stonyfield" of "Adam Bede." George Eliot stayed at the house with the blind—the shop at that time being kept by relatives of hers.

Photo by Will F. Taylor, Clears, Reigate.

Chilvers Coton Church.

"Shepperton" in "Scenes of Clerical Life."

Ellastone, near Ashbourne.

The "Hayslope" of "Adam Bede." The Newdigate Arms ("Donnithorne Arms") opposite which Dinah Morris preached on the Green.

Photo by Will F. Taylor, Clears, Reigate.

Photo by Will F. Taylor, Clears, Reigate.

Griff Hollow, near Nuneaton.

Described as "Red Deeps" in "The Mill on the Floss." Here Maggie Tulliver met Philip.

XUM

Park Side, Richmond.

George Eliot's home from September, 1855, to January, 1858. Here she wrote "Scenes of Clerical Life" and "Adam Bede."

appreciate mere clay; which mere mind never can. That George Eliot could appreciate mere clay is evident in her Mrs. Glegg, Mrs. Pullett, and Mrs. Poyser, in the precious vignette of the hapless Moss's farm, and in that ever delightful piece of futility, Squire Brooke. By the veracious accounts of all eye and ear witnesses, Miss Evans (or Mrs. Lewes as we ought now to call her) was utterly, hopelessly destitute of all humour; and yet she could impersonate the novelist who was able to create the almost Dickensian Mrs. Poyser! There is no puzzle like it in literature.

"The Mill on the Floss" had appeared in 1860, and "Silas Marner" (an enduring invention) in 1861. From this onwards it is possible (or we are perhaps over fanciful) to detect increasing intrusions of the learned Miss Evans into the work of George Eliot. Of "Romola" (1863) Henry James says something to the effect that if you could imagine a very artistic German producing a very artistic story it would be very like "Romola." Most of it is mere *tableau vivant*. Tito and Baldassare are the only vital creatures in it, and not enough is made of them. The Bardi household is a piece of still life and the Savonarola good conscientious history. As a novel of Italy it is not to be compared with "John Inglesant," which, we believe, was written (by an amazing feat) without any actual acquaintance with Italian life. After "Romola" we come to more debatable land. "Felix Holt" has now little more than historical interest as a picture of the last coaching days. "Middlemarch," which personally I find as attractive as any, loses its way and its shape, and is saved from disaster by its rich subsidiary characters. "Daniel Deronda" is almost as long and much more immaterial. It ought to be strong, and isn't; its dramatic scenes have an air of being played behind thick curtains that intercept all the force and passion. I cannot help feeling that "Daniel Deronda" was written in part by the intellect of Mary Evans. It is the last expiring effort of George Eliot's life.

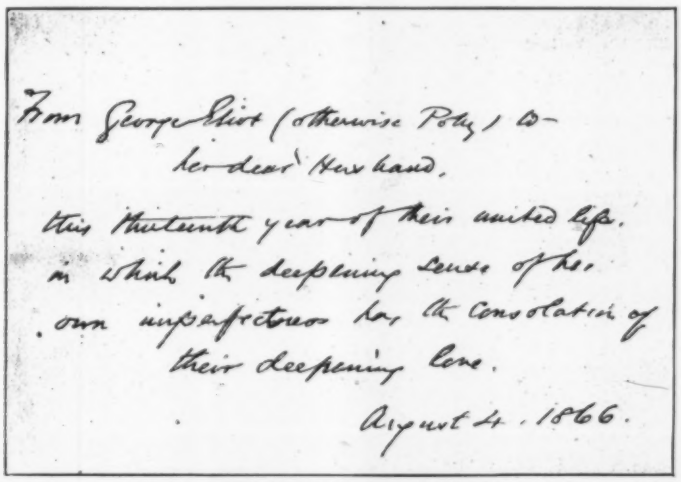
Two other activities remain to be mentioned—the poems and the essays. The poems are well-intentioned pieces of rhythmical prose with almost as little poetry as it is possible for things in poems' clothing to have. The Browningesque "Stradivarius" is perhaps the only one that shows a tendency to come alive; but people who are convinced that what sounds nicely moral must be good art will, I suppose, always go on transcribing "The Choir Invisible" into other people's albums in the belief that it is poetry. The "Theophrastus Such" essays are a curiosity of literature. They are, as readers know, an impersonation, i.e., essays written by a supposed character. They were published when Lewes was dead, when George Eliot too was dead, and Mary Evans alone survived. They seem to me exactly the sort of thing that would be written by a very intellectual person trying conscientiously to create something. They represent the efforts of Mary Evans to remember George Eliot and call her back to life.

Upon the once hotly debated question of the "irregular union" (which is really no business of mine, or of yours, or of anybody else's) I want to say just one thing. This excellent country has its defects; and one of its Victorian defects was a demand for Respectability—at what cost

Holly Lodge, Wandsworth,

George Eliot's residence from February, 1853, to March, 1859. Here she wrote "The Mill on the Floss." The sun dial was placed there by her and the vine planted by her own hands.

let the lovers of Dickens and Thackeray confess. The "irregular union" had therefore to be made tolerable by the most rigid respectability. Not only had the so-called Mrs. Lewes to be ultra-respectable herself, the creative George Eliot (who alone concerns us now) could never dare to venture freely into any region of her art that might be denounced as tainted by her own irregularity. Compare, for instance, the Hall Farm dairy where Mrs. Poyser ruled and Hetty Sorrel worked, with Crick's dairy at Talbothays where poor Tess was employed. The two pictures are immensely interesting as pictures of rural life at different periods; but there is this great gulf between the methods of the artists: Hardy could let himself go; George Eliot dared not. Hardy could boldly call Tess "a pure woman" and indict the Immortals on her behalf, even though (melodramatically, I think) he sent her to the gallows. George Eliot herself had to join in the hunt against Hetty and hound her to utter reprobation, even though she (just as melodramatically) reprieves her on the very eve of execution. Hardy is a free man; George Eliot was a woman forbid.



George Eliot's autograph dedication to George H. Lewes in MS. of "Felix Holt."
Bequeathed by her to the British Museum.

But her own time not only found no fault with her conventional attitude, but assessed what might be called her cosmic value at an absurdly high figure. Thus writes, for instance, the most hugely learned person of his day:

> "In problems of life and thought, which baffled Shakespeare disgracefully, her touch was unfailing. No writer ever lived who had anything like her power of manifold, but disinterested and impartially observant sympathy. If Sophocles or Cervantes had lived in the light of our culture, if Dante had prospered like Manzoni, George Eliot might have had a rival."

If we may venture to affront the august and aristocratic shade of Lord Acton with an ugly and revolutionary word, we should like to call that a typical utterance of the intelligentsia. It is so expensively and elaborately unintelligent. If Sophocles or Cervantes had lived in the light of our culture, would Sophocles or Cervantes have been thereby improved? Great learning and wide culture may make a good historian—though Lord Acton himself signally illustrates the danger of excess—but all the wisdom of all the ages will not make a poet. We have suffered from that kind of criticism at the hands of Shakespeare enthusiasts, who have asserted their idol's mastery of so many arts and sciences that sceptics have rebelled, and denied that anyone under the rank of a Lord Chancellor could know so much. Lord Acton suffered from a tendency of his time to attach too much importance to the learned Miss Evans. "Look at George Eliot," people whispered in awe, "she knows as much about politics as Gladstone, as much about philosophy as Spencer, as much about pictures as Ruskin, as much about music as Joachim, and she can say nothing fluently in five languages. Isn't she wonderful? So much greater than a mere Dickens, you know, who used to work in a blacking-factory, or some dreadfully low place like that." And when her learning perished with her, she seemed so much less great than people had said, that presently other people began to say that she wasn't great at all, that only two or three of her stories were worth anything, and that even in these she had shirked rather than faced the issues she had raised. There is some truth in the charge; but it is not all of the truth. With the essential quality of George Eliot the learned Miss Evans had nothing to do; and the essential quality is a portion of the creative spirit that makes men as gods. Under her touch the fading hues of life in the rural shires of England rekindled into a vivid picture of our fathers and their homes in the days before the railways and the towns came to change it all for ever. In her tales she makes alive the farms and halls that Constable had painted and the yeomen and yokels that Morland had drawn. She is the prose poet of John Bull's mother island.

GEORGE ELIOT AND THE PERSONAL EQUATION.

By ARTHUR COMPTON-RICKETT.

"EACH man," wrote Myers in his great work on "Human Personality," "is at once profoundly unitary and almost infinitely composite." This complexity is never more realised than when we come to study the personal equation of any literary artist.

In George Eliot's nature there were triple elements, each clearly marked and distinctive. One may regard them as secondary personalities, and note the part played by these, separately and collectively, in shaping her work.

These elements were: (*a*) the Puritan self; (*b*) the Passionate self; (*c*) the Analytical self. Each element

affected her art; though, undoubtedly, sometimes one, sometimes another came uppermost in her stories. Yet George Eliot was neither the one nor the other, but a blend of all three.

The Puritan Self.—Both by heritage and upbringing, George Eliot was lapped round in the impressionable years of youth by Puritan tradition. And although other elements in her nature modified its influence, yet the Puritan self persisted to the end. It may be seen in the structure of her stories—there is not one that fails to raise some big ethical problem. It may be traced in her treatment of sexual issues—which for all her wide tolerance was always that of the moralist. It may be felt in the austere melancholy which pervades her work. To her as to Carlyle, "Life is no May Day; it is a battle and a march." Carlyle cast away his Calvinism, but he could never exorcise the underlying Puritanism. George Eliot rejected her Evangelical faith, but the Puritan spirit that animated it lingered to the close of her life. Right living, in the old Hebraic sense, is the key-note of her work; and to her as to Matthew Arnold—"Conduct was three-fourths of Life."

The Passionate Self.—But along with the Puritan self there was a Passionate self. Let us recall the full-blooded, ardent young woman with the beautiful voice, who first tasted the sweets of independence in Mr. Chapman's boarding house in the Strand; a girl avid of new sensations, vibrating to the spell of the arts (she was a fine musician); vital to the finger tips, in love with life no less than with learning. One, like her own Maggie, who was "never satisfied with a *little* of anything." It was assuredly not the Puritan self who chose George Henry Lewes as a mate. In her attitude towards Lewes, the passionate woman is for ever peeping out. She loved him with a fierce jealousy and could hardly bear for him to be out of her sight. In her attitude to her friends, the passionate woman may still be seen. She gave prodigally of her abounding sympathy, and it was characteristic of her that she could never believe her friends would continue to love her when they were separated.

Who but a passionate woman could have written thus:

"A passionate woman's love is always overwhelmed by fear."—(*Amos Barton.*)

"When Death the Great Reconciler has come it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity."—(*Adam Bede.*)

"A woman's lot is made for her by the love she accepts."—(*Felix Holt.*)

"What loneliness is more lonely than distrust."—(*Middlemarch.*)

And that little gem of dialogue between Fred Vincey and Mary Garth:

"*Fred*: Women don't love men for their goodness.

"*Mary*: Perhaps not. But if they love them they never think them bad."

The Analytical Self.—This again was as truly a part of her as her emotional attachment to concrete life and her preoccupation with ethical values. This is the George Eliot who rejected her early beliefs, translated Strauss, wrote ironical *critiques* for the *Westminster Review*. This is the George Eliot who took nothing for granted and brought alike the problems of the schools and the characters of men and women before the bar of her keen, alert intellect.

How far was this strain in her nature responsible for her remarkable power of psychological insight?

Broadly speaking, the gift of characterisation is intuitive, not ratiocinative. But given the instinct, a particular type of intellect can work upon it with peculiar relish. Instinct gives the portrait painter the power of seizing upon likenesses; but there still remains the matter of draughtsmanship in evolving the finished picture. And just as draughtsmanship is more in evidence in some portraits than in others, so the analytical mind finds a particular scope in humorous delineation.

Humour is at bottom an imaginative quality, quite independent of culture. An unlettered rustic may possess it; and you may search for it vainly in a learned professor. It is as elemental and instinctive as the power of clairvoyance.

There is, however, one kind of humour which is associated with a bright mentality. This is the humour that is usually called wit. It is the laughter of the mind rather than the laughter of the imagination; a laughter which is critical and corrective rather than whimsical and ebullient. Of such a kind was George Eliot's humour. And we may be grateful that the world of humour is wide enough to

Brookbank, Shottermill, near Haslemere.

George Eliot and George H. Lewes stayed here in 1871. In a letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor (June 6, 1871) she writes: "Ever since the first day of May we have been living in this queer cottage, which belongs to Mrs. Gilchrist, wife of the Gilchrist who wrote the life of William Blake, the artist."

hold such varieties as the glorious imbecility of Mrs. Nickleby and the gnomic wisdom of Mrs. Poyser.

Apart from characterisation, however, the analytical self in George Eliot is responsible for delicious flashes like:

"There are answers which in turning away wrath only send it to the other end of the room." "Animals are such agreeable friends; they ask no questions, they pass no criticism." "I don't translate my own conveniences into other people's duties."

North Bank, St. John's Wood.
George Eliot's residence from November, 1863, till after Lewes's death in 1878. Here and during intervals abroad were written "Felix Holt," "The Spanish Gypsy," "Middlemarch," and "Daniel Deronda."

Regarding all these elements in George Eliot's nature, one must stress the passionate strain as the most important inspiration in her art; and it is unfortunate that there were three circumstances that conspired to cramp free expression in this direction. In the first place, there was the early step as regards Lewes. There was nothing outrageous about the break with convention here. To connect any moral audacity with George Eliot is laughable; and one could well understand Mrs. Carlyle's scornful comment when first she met her: "*She* an improper female!"

But though this break with convention may seem very trifling to the modern mind, it carried with it certain implications which George Eliot resented bitterly and did her best to remove. Whenever, therefore, she had to deal with particular phases of passion she moved rather fearfully, and circumspectly, afraid lest she might give fresh colour to the implications that some people had read into her earlier union with Lewes. In the second place, quite apart from her conduct, she was naturally highly sensitive to the opinion of others. The analytical self was a woman of vigorous, independent mind, but the passionate self had a curiously *dependent* femininity. And although she sturdily upheld the wisdom of the step she had taken, it affected powerfully her attitude as a writer towards the elemental emotions.

In the third place, Lewes, with the best intention but with regrettable results, played upon this characteristic fearfulness of George Eliot's. He did admirably in stimulating her literary faculty, yet anything but admirably by trying to transform her into a drawing-room Sibyl. She began to feel that she carried the moral responsibilities of all her countrymen upon her shoulders and this intensified a self-consciousness which, in a less sheltered *milieu*, might have been healthily blunted.

To illustrate this point, take the story of Maggie Tulliver. None but a deeply emotional and sensitive woman could have given us that unforgettable picture of Maggie's childhood—the lovable, warm-hearted, impulsive girl, with her attractive indiscretions and lovable vagaries. It is written with that fine insight into temperament and that vital sympathy which puts us in mind of David Copperfield and Jane Eyre. Here is something more than a mere study It is a piece of self-portraiture. Some critics have found fault with the Stephen Guest love affair, on the grounds that a girl of Maggie's character could never have fallen in love with so commonplace a young man. But that is exactly what she would have done. There is no fitter tribute to George Eliot's insight into passion than Maggie's infatuation for this agreeable mannered nonentity. The tragic struggle in the girl's heart between loyalty to her cousin and a love for Stephen, that would leap all barriers, is powerfully drawn; alas that it should be marred by the intrusion of the over-anxious moralist. Maggie's actions are natural enough; but her talk to Stephen, though it would have come excellently from the lady at Regent's Park, called upon to advise some young tempestuous soul, does not come naturally from Maggie's lips. The passion of Stephen and Maggie should have swept along with the inevitable rush of the tide. Then could have come the misgivings, the bitter regrets and the tragic close. For a tragic close of some kind was as inevitable for Maggie as it was for Mr. Hardy's Eustacia Vye.

But all qualifications notwithstanding, the story of Maggie Tulliver is a story that only a deeply passionate woman could have written. Very different in its way, yet equally the work of one who felt deeply and strongly, is the story of Gwendolen Harleth in "Daniel Deronda."

But just as the Puritan self monopolises too much of the "limelight" in "The Mill on the Floss," so the analytical self obtrudes far too often in "Daniel Deronda," until it chills the vitality of the book. The novel in which all three selves work the most harmoniously is "Middlemarch." That is her masterpiece. It may lack something of the freshness and charm that endear us to "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss" and "Silas Marner"; but in wealth of characterisation and subtle insight, in deft mingling of humour and pathos, it is unequalled. Indeed "Middlemarch" is one of the great novels in English literature.

XUM

Photo by Will F. Taylor, Clears, Reigate. **The Heights, Witley, Surrey.**

From George Eliot's journal, 1876.—"Dec. 11. We have just bought a house in Surrey, and think of it as making a serious change in our life, namely, that we shall finally settle there and give up town." And she wrote to Miss Sara Hennell, Nov. 16, 1877, that she had enjoyed more health there than she had known for several years, and "Imagine me playing at lawn tennis by the hour together."

And if the younger generation can take no pleasure in it—so much the worse for the younger generation!

This brings me to the most distinctive quality in her fiction, just as it is her most distinctive trait as a woman. Even the casual reader cannot have failed to notice the broad catholicity of her sympathies. In this respect she is unique among women novelists. Despite her learning and her culture, to which men like Lord Acton and Viscount Morley have given eloquent testimony, she knew how powerless is the part that wisdom plays in the big crises of life, and in the deepest experiences of the human heart.

"More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us." "Very little achievement is required in order to pity another man's shortcomings." "Those who trust us educate us."

Sayings such as these—and there are many more—are the expression not merely of a gracious and tender nature, but of a cool, deliberate judgment, and a fine moral tact. The Puritan, the Passionate and the Analytical selves are all speaking—a trinity in unity. All sympathy is good; but a discerning sympathy is the gift of the gods.

Here are one or two illustrations drawn from the direct testimony of those who knew her:

A clever young writer came to her thinking to win her approbation by displaying his intellectual fireworks. But she detected behind all his noisy assertion a real and genuine love of what was great in poetic art; so quietly ignoring the alarums and excursions, she drew him out adroitly so that when he left her he realised with shame how he was spoiling his gifts. From that time he was completely changed and became a big force in letters. In later life he never tired of telling how George Eliot had brought out the best that was in him.

In another case a young schoolmaster of great promise went to see her. He was a man of almost impenetrable reserve and pride, and his career was likely to suffer on that account. But (as he told me in later years), "I had not been speaking to her for more than a few minutes when I found I was unbosoming myself to her freely. I was amazed; for never had I spoken so freely to my oldest friends, and here was a woman who was almost a stranger to me. But her personal magnetism was such that she seemed to draw out with the greatest ease all one's confidences. And I told her my troubles and perplexities and found in her a wisdom and a sympathy I have never met with in any other friend."

Many women have told the same story. It might be a shy young girl whom George Eliot set at her ease at some social function by giving her self-confidence; or it might be some storm-tossed woman to whom she proved the sanest of advisers—one who can at once soothe and strengthen.

It was characteristic of her that when she made that elaborate study of Rosamund Vincey in "Middlemarch," the pretty, attractive, shallow Rosamund, she should have got to know a number of Rosamunds in real life, fearing lest she might be carried away by her dislike and impatience of the *genus*, and have failed to do justice to some possible redeeming traits in the actual living representatives.

The result is a vital portrait; wonderful in its fidelity, yet neither a satire, nor a caricature; always an actuality, a flesh and blood creation.

"Men are queer animals," wrote Huxley in one of his idiosyncratic letters. "A mixture of horse nervousness, of ass stubbornness, and camel malice, with an angel bobbing about unexpectedly like an apple in the posset." And in this capacity for detecting the "bobbing" angel, George Eliot was even more successful than the great-hearted scientist. She was a novelist of vigorous mentality. That in itself is no small thing. But she was more than that. The woman who could write "The first condition of human goodness is something to love; the second something to reverence," had the root of the matter in her.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER, 1919.

NOTE.—As THE BOOKMAN *Christmas Number goes to press in the first week of November, the time for sending in for the Competitions announced below is extended to December 14th, and results will be given in our January Number.*

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best brief motto, original or selected, for the New Year.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER—OCTOBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Mary C. Mair, of Howecroft, Sandy Lane, Guildford, and Enid M. Norman, of 33, Queen's Road, Weston-super-Mare, for the following:

DEAD LOVE.

We met again. . . . Your eyes avoided mine,
Fearing, perhaps, the memory of the Past,
The flame of Passion, canker of Regret,
Resentment—and Indifference at last.

'Tis strange to think that you no longer care
Whether I come or go, or live or die;
For I have somehow lost the subtle charm
That held you captive in the days gone by.

I often think of how I sat alone
That evening in the firelight, when you came
To kiss my lips, with Passion in your eyes—
And there was born in me an answering flame.

A flame that brightly burned—then flickered, died,
Leaving behind the memory of a kiss,
A look, a smile. . . . To-day, in your blue eyes,
I saw the shamed remembrance of all this.

MARY C. MAIR.

FISHERMAN'S NIGHT SONG.

When all the gulls come flyin' home by the light of the sinkin' sun,
An' the moon goes climbin' from the bay, an' the long day's work is done,
I feel I haven't words to tell the happiness in me,
I jest stand there a-thankin' God, the God Who made the sea.

Then Jane comes runnin' through the dusk, an' slips her hand in mine,
I guess it's Love's own glory-light that sets her eyes ashine;
When I'm so rough an' she's so sweet, you'd wonder it could be,
An' yet I know she's thankin' God, the God Who gave her me.

So there we stays, all quiet an' still, there's jest no need to speak,
Then up against my worn old sleeve she lays her pretty cheek.
I stoops down low to kiss her face, for, bless her, she's so small,
An' my heart sings out, "Thank God for her, the dearest gift of all!"

ENID M. NORMAN.

We also select for printing:

SORROW.

Sorrow's footfall makes no sound
In my heart.
Robed as in twilight, with one star,
The gift of grief, burning her breast,
She walks on joy's once holy ground;
And in her eyes glad memories are—
Laughter and mirth and you whom life loved best.

4, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea,

where George Eliot died, December, 1880. The house was taken by her husband, Mr. J. W. Cross, when she married, May 6, 1880.

Sorrow's presence does not fade
From my heart.
Time builds for her a lovely shrine
That she, with unrevealed hands
Tends faithfully. And when dismayed
I come, she lifts brave eyes to mine;
And when I pass forgetting—understands.

(Cyril G. Taylor, 35, Castle Street, Edinburgh.)

From the very large number of lyrics received we select for special commendation the sixty written by Helen Mitcham (Tufnell Park), Vivien Ford (Bristol), E. A. Q. (Eastbourne), Olive Searle (Lincoln), Violet D. Chapman (Paris), A. D. H. Allan (Wimborne), Mrs. J. O. Arnold (Sheffield), H. Scott Frayn (Timperley), May Herschel Clarke (Woolwich), Leslie Comber (Crouch End), "Thistle" (Hampton Hill), Lucy Malleson (London, W.), E. A. S. (South Chingford), Margaret A. Fountain (Wimbledon), D. F. Larkin (Newhaven), Edgar Bailey (Tingley), Margaret Anderson (Darrington), Doreen M. Dillon (Lee), Rachael Bates (Great Crosby), E. M. Frost (Middlesbrough), Joyce Frideswide Powell (Liverpool), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Rev. E. C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), F. Ethel Scarborough (London, W.), Blanche Adeline Watson (Hull), Charles Davies (Winnipeg), Irene E. Osborne (Honor Oak), M. Warner (Brettenham Park), Vivienne Dayrell (High Salvington), Cyril Bertram (Winchester), William N. Carter (Hindley), Dora A. Pattinson (Northallerton), M. B. (Calne), Robert C. Bodker (Streatham), Nancy Pollok (Glasgow), V. E. Dismore (Southend), M. E. Morris (Torquay), Lieutenant G. N. Goodwin (Lahore), Barbe H. Annand (Uddingston), C. Burton (Upper Norwood), N. Harley (Herne Bay), Benjamin C. Clough (London, W.C.), Audrey Haggard (London, N.W.), Mrs. Arthur Hughes (Beckenham), Winifred Tasker (Llandudno), Gina Pennant (London, S.W.), Hylda M. Wearn (Lindfield), Alec G. Churcher (South Hampstead) Edith E. Hammond (Ruthin), L. H. Garro-Jones (Milford Haven), Yvonne Creswell (Plympton), Florence Beazley (Montreal), M. Kidd (Birkenhead), Lucy H. Carlisle (Henley), Anna Bruce Warren (Sydenham), Marie Emilie Gilchrist (Ohio), M. E. R. (Wadebridge), Edith Allan (Llandaff), V. D. Adlard (Balham), Mary Kent (London, N.).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mabel Wallwyn Shepheard, of Dunmow, St. Leonards, East Sheen, Surrey, for the following:

THE CASE FOR THE CROWN. BY FRED. M. WHITE. (Ward, Lock.)
"Fear no more the heat o' the sun."
SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline, Act IV.*

We also select for printing:

THE EYES OF UNDERSTANDING. BY C. R. MILTON. (Melrose.)
"I blush to say I've winked at him,
And he has winked at me."
W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads.*

(Enid Liddell, Shirenewton Hall, Chepstow.)

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE INSECT WORLD. BY HENRI FABRE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
"'Will you walk into my parlour?'
Said the Spider to the Fly."
Nursery Rhyme.

(W. Arthur Cooper, Bootham School, York; Winifred Bates, General Boys' School, Bridport; and M. C. Barnard, 20, Elsham Road, W.14.)

EDWARD JERNINGHAM AND HIS FRIENDS. EDITED BY LEWIS BETTANY. (Chatto & Windus.)
". . . Did nothing in particular. . . ."
SIR W. S. GILBERT, *Iolanthe.*

(Sergeant S. Elliott Napier, A.I.F., Cedar Bank, Diamond Terrace, Greenwich.)

THE CASE FOR THE CROWN. BY FRED. M. WHITE. (Ward, Lock.)
". . . The old three-cornered hat."
O. W. HOLMES, *The Last Leaf.*

(Mrs. M. E. Brown, 27, Claremont Crescent, Sheffield.)

THE SUBSTANCE OF A DREAM. BY F. W. BAIN. (Methuen)
"Imaginary pots of ale."
JOHN PHILIPS, *The Splendid Shilling.*

(Annie A. Robinson, 3, Penn Lea Road, Weston, Bath.)

SAINTS AND THEIR STORIES. BY PEGGY WEBLING. (Nisbet.)
"I cannot tell how the truth may be."
SCOTT, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

(A. Eleanor Pinnington, The Blind Institution, S. David's Hill, Exeter.)

III.—(1) The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best account of "How I Celebrated Peace" is awarded to Sidney S. Wright, of 12, Swanley Lane, Swanley, Kent, for the following:

HOW I CELEBRATED PEACE.

Peace celebrations, in the popular sense of the phrase, were not for me, for the bare idea of waving flags and lifting up my voice in raucous jubilation, repelled. The sound of loved voices, long since silent, rang in my ears, and the clasp of lifeless hands withheld me. With a battle-stained copy of "In Memoriam" and a well-worn briar, both links with Flanders and Mesopotamia, I left in the morning of our official Peace Day for my favourite haunt, a beautiful spot in the Kentish Weald. There, in silent solitude, until the sun set in riotous glory, I remained with my saddened thoughts. In a retrospective ramble, I dwelt upon war's horrors, and the heroes who became my friends for a brief span, ere Death claimed them. And as I returned beneath the stars, an incessant doubt obtruded: "Will future Britain justify their noble sacrifice?"—Ah, I wonder!

We select for special commendation the six essays by S. A. Griffiths (Ferndale), "Rahere" (Surbiton), Vera K. Nation (Louth), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), William I. Jenkin (Camborne), Molly A. Snell (Accrington).

III.—(2) The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best essay recommending any character in fiction as an ideal husband or wife, and why, is awarded to D. L. Cole, of Doyer House, Pontrilas, for the following:

AN IDEAL HUSBAND.

Ideal husbands seem hard to find—even in books! I think the thing chiefly to be guarded against in marriage is boredom—monotony—so I would recommend Sidney Trefusis in Bernard Shaw's novel, "The Unsocial Socialist." Sidney Trefusis would be an ideal "pal" to a wife blessed with character and not too much sentiment. He is amusing, has a really passionate desire to right the social wrongs of the world, and is afraid of no one's opinion. Of course he is a flirt, but ideal need not mean perfection. He is also an adept at hiding his feelings: this might at first cause the wife stabs of jealousy and fear, but would also put her on her mettle and prevent the marriage drifting into dull, prosaic content. In fact I recommend Sidney Trefusis as an ideal husband because marriage with him would mean progress instead of stagnation.

We select for special commendation the six essays by Arthur Davidson (Bagshot), Mrs. Grace G. Webb (Southam), Lilian Watt (Walsall), Mrs. Sybilla Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), M. I. Machar (Castle Eden), Ada F. Strike (West Worthing).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to E. K. Nugent, of 187, Elm Park Mansions, London, S.W.10, for the following:

THE POOR RELATIONS. BY COMPTON MACKENZIE. (Martin Secker.)

Mr. Mackenzie sounds, in the "Poor Relations," a note more cheerful than he has struck for some time past; and the idiosyncracies of John Touchwood's family are a welcome relief from the surfeit of Sylvian adventures with which we have lately been dosed. The "relations" are

undoubtedly true to life in that, while a never ceasing financial embarrassment to the one successful member of the family, they afford endless amusement to those whose pockets are not vulnerable. Indeed, before the appearance on the scene of his lady secretary, we feel that John himself would have had his dull days without them.

We also select for printing:

THE QUERRILS. By STACY AUMONIER. (Methuen.)

A house with a nice self-complacent life where the perfume of lavender mingles with the sense of a well-ordered universe; such is the house of the Querrils. But the sky darkens, a fierce nor'wester blows in the windows of this house of ease, and the inmates wake out of their dream of gentility to see how fiercely flows the tide of human life. Even under the well-clothed breast lurks something of the brute and the coward. After the storm, the chastened and humbled house of the Querrils proceed to the task of reconstruction.

(C. Smith, 404, Leeds Road, Nelson, Lancashire.)

WAKE UP, CANADA! By CHARLES W. PETERSON. (Macmillan.)

A searching inquiry into the cause of industrial and social unrest in Canada is made in this book. The author is honest in his endeavour to get down to rock-bottom facts. He deals with problems peculiar to Canada. Among those problems are bilingualism and immigration. Like her neighbour to the south, Canada is becoming a melting-pot for the assimilation of many races. The book will appeal not only to Canadians but to all who realise that Canada is an integral part of the British Empire. Written in a terse, newsy style, "Wake Up, Canada!" is eminently readable.

(Elizabeth West, 13, Nepean Street, Ottawa, Ontario.)

We select for special commendation the twelve reviews by E. M. Frost (Middlesbrough), Francis J. Kelly (Dublin), Francis M. Noel Tall (Harrogate), Eileen H. Bradbury (Sheffield), William Saunders (Edinburgh), Amy H. Mahoney (Darlington), Doris M. Wade (Southport), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Frederick Willmer (Ramsey), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), J. S. Budd (Reigate), William Sinclair (Birmingham).

George Eliot's grave, at Highgate.

next to the grave of George Henry Lewes. On the granite obelisk are inscribed her own lines:

"Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence."

On a flat marble stone beside it is engraved: "Elma Stuart (*née* Fraser), Ladhope, Roxburghshire, whom for 8½ years George Eliot called by the sweet name of daughter."

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to K. Fisher, Winterton, Doncaster.

SHAKESPEARE AND THOSE ABOUT HIM.*

By GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THERE is only one thing to say against Messrs. Gosse and Wise's collected edition of Mr. Swinburne's smaller prolusions on "those about Shakespeare." It consists of the old "Chapman" volume, which, those who possess, or for many years possessed it may be surprised to hear, has been out of print for a quarter of a century: and of eight smaller papers, some reprinted from old periodicals and some taken direct from MSS. But though we are given the still not very precise indication that the opening essay on Marlowe was "the last thing the author wrote in prose" and the date of the "Chapman," not even the original appearances of the "old periodicals" or their names can be found, nor is so much as a guess at the dates of the other MS. portions supplied. Now this is not to be dismissed as merely a question for peddling librarians or bibliographers. It is, if not of the very first interest, not far below such to purely literary critics: for the progress of critical opinion in the individual, its circumstances, and so forth, are of great influence on its value and on the understanding of it. The deficiency is too common in English editions of "collected works" and it has been more than once noticed and censured. But one certainly did not expect an instance of it from the alliance of such a practised man of letters as Mr. Gosse and such an expert bibliographer as Mr. Wise.

There needs no further looking at the mouth of the gift-horse. If the book had given us nothing but the restoration to accessibility of the "Chapman," it would have deserved hearty welcome and thanks. One reader, who had practically all Mr. Swinburne's critical work on his shelves, used to take this down almost oftener than any other volume as an early and capital example of refreshing merits and amusing faults.

* "Contemporaries of Shakespeare." By A. C. Swinburne. Edited by Edmund Gosse, C.B., and T. J. Wise. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)—"The Problem of Hamlet." By the Right Hon. J. M. Robertson. 5s net. (Allen & Unwin.)

For Mr. Swinburne can never have irritated—if they had any sense—even those whom he attacked; you felt delight in the delight which the dealer of the swashing blow himself evidently felt in dealing it. Equally charming was the ease with which the critic could be "drawn"; and the "thwick-thwack-thirlery-bouncing" of his cudgel-play when he *was* drawn. Still, exhilarating and recreative as this was, had there been nothing else it might have been staled; but always there was the chance of some fine appreciation; some gorgeous piece of rhetorical prose in which the rhetoric was almost poetry; some evidence of that real and wide literary knowledge which, alas! is by no means always to be found in discussions of our great literary masters. Nor are the smaller pieces, printed or reprinted round this larger one, less welcome. The first—in another sense, as mentioned above, the last—is on the critic's ever-beloved Marlowe. Somebody some day might make a little "luxury edition" of "In the Bay" with, clustered round it, all the other passages, prose and verse, which Mr. Swinburne devoted to the master of the mighty line. But this piece is indeed thoroughly characteristic. The hapless literary historian has been, unavoidably, in the habit of mentioning Marlowe as one of a group. He has also, if he was worth his salt, pointed out that Marlowe was very much the greatest of that group. But Mr. Swinburne fulminates and cascades against any association whatever. Marlowe is to be "he-by-himself-he," and nobody shall be mentioned in the same breath, or in any reasonable or unreasonable number of breaths with him. Greene, Lodge, Nash, Kyd—he is exceptionally and rather unintelligibly savage on Peele, one supposes because of the Queen Eleanor libel—were no doubt very good people in other ways—one certainly thinks that some testimonials to them might be extracted from Mr. Swinburne himself. But where are they when Marlowe is concerned? And so he goes on—exuberant on the joint plays of Beaumont and Fletcher; very strenuously and perhaps rather excessively admiring as to Massinger; pleasantly appreciative of Day and Davenport, of Nabbes and Brome; and finishes up with a rather surprisingly *un*enthusiastic paper on Shirley. Now of the last of "the giant race" it may certainly be said that he, like some other giants, is a little shaky in the legs and feet; that he often "do not over-stimulate," and so forth. But in this paper there is an evident touch of prejudice, whence arising who shall say? Still it does not even spoil the paper: and most certainly it is not out of place in a fascinating volume, which shows, as all its writer's critical work showed, that if "Women beware women" is too often sadly true, "Poets beware poets" is sometimes comfortably false.

There is of course a striking—and one may add without injustice to either side an amusing—contrast between these flamboyant discourses of the dead poet-critic and Mr. Robertson's discussion of the most discussed play of the most discussed author of all time. The essay, which is not a long one (between eighty and ninety pages) is intended to be, in company with some already published things by the same writer, part of a larger work on "The Canon of Shakespeare" generally: and its wrapper informs us that it "applies scientific critical principles" and shows that "all the leading theories miss their aim." Now there are those (some of them perhaps not entirely unacquainted with the history of criticism itself) who would rather like to see these "scientific principles" somewhat definitely stated; but few who possess that acquaintance will deny that it is a common if not a scientific principle that all or most previous theorists have missed their aim. And it is not least because of this that "criticism of criticism" has acquired such a bad name.

However, it is unnecessary to labour this point. People will doubtless discuss Hamlet's character to the end of time: and if—each at the end of his own time or all at the end of Time generally—they meet with Shakespeare, they will most certainly not get any solution of their doubts from *him*. Some of them will be—shall we say wise or unenterprising or pusillanimous? enough not to expect any. It is just possible that "the divine Williams" might say, "What I have given I have given; only your own interpretation of it can be of any value to you." Mr. Robertson's interpretation may be put, we hope, not unfairly as follows: Hamlet ought not to be considered as a real man at all. The play is not reality but a play; it was, as can be proved or almost proved, made up of certain materials given to, not by, the final author. He was only concerned to bring them in so that they should make an effective dramatic entertainment: and they do. Perhaps there is "an ultimate æsthetic miscarriage," but that only shows that even Shakespeare "cannot to entire satisfaction make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

The worst, of course, of this sort of thing is that many of us cannot by any possibility accept Mr. Robertson's major. We do not find in "Hamlet" an ultimate æsthetic miscarriage; on the contrary we find a marvellous æsthetic success. We do not care whether Shakespeare made the silk purse out of his own head or out of a sow's ear; we say that it, most satisfactorily, *is* a silk purse. And this is by no means because we are mere Shakespearean "know-nothings" or idolaters. We can see plenty of things which, considered in isolation, might be called faults. We can see whole plays—not merely the earliest—in which we do not think Shakespeare up to his own best level. But we do not want to get rid of anything in "Hamlet" the play: and we take it solid. Nor do some of us think that, allowing for the impossibility of thoroughly explaining *any* human soul, more explanation of Hamlet the man is wanted than the old and sufficient one of springs of action too much enfeebled by an overcast of thought, though this be occasionally varied by somewhat elaborate design and even precipitate action itself.

So we must merely agree to differ with Mr. Robertson in general; but perhaps we may indicate some little weaknesses of his argument in detail—again not unfairly. In the section on "The Pre-Shakespearean Play" there are frequent relapses—if indeed the whole be not a relapse—into the Fleayian fallacy of "spotting" this and that passage as not Shakespeare's but somebody else's. There is only one sound principle on this matter. There are things that only Shakespeare could have written; it is very doubtful whether there is anything—bad, good, or indifferent—that he could not. Again, how marvellous is the argument that as Kyd wrote or took part in two "Jeronimos" he most likely wrote or took

George Eliot.

From the portrait by Sir F. Burton.

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part in two "Hamlets"! Dryden, shall we say, wrote two parts of "The Conquest of Granada," therefore he probably wrote both "Love's Last Shift" and "The Relapse," which, be it remembered, appeared in his lifetime? Again: "Kyd certainly introduced the madness and suicide of Ophelia." *Certainly!* When Maurice Morgann said, "For what is Falstaff, what Lear, what Hamlet or Othello but different modifications of Shakespeare's thought," he surely did not mean anything like what Mr. Robertson means when he says that Shakespeare "imported a temporary pessimism of his own" into "Hamlet"? This is another of the besetting fallacies of Shakespearean criticism. Of course the characters, great or small, are "modifications of Shakespeare's thought" in one sense, that is to say creatures of his mind. He has thought *of* them; thought them in fact. But to hold that Shakespeare was not only amorous when he conceived the part of Romeo, but bibulous and boastful when he gave us Falstaff, murderous at the time of "Macbeth," jealous with Othello, ill-treated by Susanna and Judith when writing "Lear," and hesitating and pessimistic almost throughout "Hamlet," is surely a childish fashion of grappling with the marvels of artistic creation.

Therefore, if such are the results of the application of scientific critical principles, one may not too petulantly say, "I'll none of them." The purest and most arbitrary impressionism; the spirit of "J'aime mieux Alfred de Musset," is more likely to achieve a satisfactory appreciation. Not, of course, that the devotees of the extremer Unity are not entitled from their point of view to call "Hamlet" a patchwork or a mosaic, compared not merely with a Greek tragedy but with "Othello" or even "Lear." But happier and perhaps wiser are those who can see the beauty of both kinds, and who can envisage the play as the setting in mosaic (if anybody chooses) of a great central figure, vignetted rather than rigidly outlined by the streamings and arabesques of the mosaic itself.

New Books.

THE LAST OF THE VICTORIANS.*

It is getting on for thirty years ago since Mr. Shaw divided pioneers into two great classes—the pioneer of one class "declares that it is wrong to do something that no one has hitherto seen any harm in," and the pioneer of the other class "declares that it is right to do something hitherto regarded as infamous." Like all classifications, this of Mr. Shaw's has its disadvantages. Parricide, deliberate cruelty to children, wearing made-up ties, welshing, are offences which no amount of pioneer work will make popular in the circles where they are condemned; nor will many of us agree with Mr. Shaw that Shelley's view of incest is now a commonplace and ceases to shock. However it fails in details, Mr. Shaw's classification has this value: it states emphatically the great distinction between the prophets and the law-makers. The prophets have always affirmed, encouraged, proclaimed: the law-makers forbid, restrain and denounce. And the active good in the world is done by the prophets: for "the strength of sin is the law." So whenever one meets a man who professes to lead, one has to ask that question—is he constructive, is he a proclaimer of new truth? It does not matter at all, in spite of Mr. Shaw, whether the truth he proclaims is new or not. Novelty is only a by-product of ignorance. What matters is whether he belongs to the world of freedom where "Thou shalt" is the slogan, or to the world of law where "Thou shalt not" is the shibboleth. It is a test to which we must bring all our teachers. Most of them, you will find, belong to both schools—they may be children of grace, but they bear the marks of their schoolmaster's, the law's, early discipline; at times a great soul, Francis of Assisi, Socrates, Goethe, Blake, Browning, Ibsen, will be free or almost free from any touch of the law; but generally all pioneers have their own prejudices, and at certain periods even the boldest and truest seem bound by the fetters of false convention. Such a time was the Victorian age. I have no sympathy with those who sneer at, or with the fashion which discredits the great men of that time: but surely never was an age when even the rebels bore more clearly the marks of bondage. The very defiance of that age has something proper about it; Burton and Butler have nothing of the freedom which marked the adventurer or the sceptic of the Renascence; the very Catholics are Protestant, the Protestants are agnostic; and the philosophers cloak their love of wisdom with their respect for propriety. The whole atmosphere is alien to us; it seems, that great period, more distant than the peace of the Augustans or the riot of the Elizabethans; and we are always misunderstanding its more typical prophets, poets or artists because we do not allow for the atmosphere they breathe.

Especially has Mr. Shaw been misunderstood. It is partly a question of date. His most popular works only just belong to the Victorian age, and his amazing vitality has been mistaken for youthfulness. That he is a Victorian in spirit he would be the first to admit. His Puritanism, his literary tastes, his æsthetic insensibility, his real uneasiness at the idea or the fact of passion, his obstinate common sense, his sturdy contempt for medical science, his engrossing interest in political life, his zest for interference, his glowing anger at injustice—no, that last is not Victorian, that most generous spirit is as personal to him as it was to Voltaire—but the rest are all qualities which mark him as the contemporary of Mill and Bagehot, of Butler and Tennyson and Gilbert, rather than of the later artists and thinkers with whom the reaction came.

As he gets older, Mr. Shaw, like most of us, reverts to his youth. This new volume reeks with Victorianism. At its best Mr. Shaw's humour is one of the brightest and most gallant things in our dramatic literature: at its worst it has a mechanical efficiency which would alarm any save the older members of a provincial stock company. I will not dwell on the war-pieces in this book. To see them all solemnly printed, each with its separate little prefatory note, telling us how to take them, is really a painful experience. As I read the following dialogue out of "Augustus Does His Bit," I felt that Mr. Shaw had been a vegetarian and a teetotaller in vain:

THE CLERK: Are you engaged?

AUGUSTUS: What business is that of yours? However, if you will take the trouble to read the society papers for the week, you will see that I am engaged to the Honourable Lucy Popham, youngest daughter of ——

THE CLERK: That ain't what I mean. Can you see a female?

AUGUSTUS: Of course I can see a female as easily as a male. Do you suppose I'm blind?

No one could do worse than that, even on a diet of gin and giblets. "O'Flaherty, V.C." in its disagreeable way

* "Heartbreak House and other Plays." By Bernard Shaw. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

THE "SHORT CUT" TO SUCCESS.

By PELMAN STUDENT R 20330.

I had known G—— almost all my life. We had lived boyhood's light-hearted days in company, and had grown up to manhood together.

Then the war came, and our lives were separated. G—— joined up as a private. Although I knew his capabilities well, I was quite unprepared for his rapid rise from the ranks to a prominent position.

He wrote to me from Egypt in the early days of the great struggle. Already he had gained his commission. His letter was a very striking, very vivid picture of Army life abroad. It set me wondering, did that letter. It was so much fuller, so much more in tune with life itself than its predecessors had been. Also, it contained a curious sentence: "R——, old chap, things out here are rotten and ugly beyond all belief, but I have found the Key to Life."

I did not then understand his phrase, no more than later I understood his rapid promotion. When he was transferred to the Western front, there followed a book of poems that brought him instant literary fame. Those poems surprised me. They were so unlike the G—— I had known.

After a wound had released him from further service, instead of coming back to his old position alongside me in the works, he secured a post of great responsibility. I saw him again then, and envied him his success. He told me the secret of his "key to life." It was Pelmanism.

At first I thought he was joking, for I had never considered Pelmanism seriously. I rather regarded it in the light of a "catch-penny."

But G—— was perfectly serious and full of his subject. He talked Pelmanism to me for some hours! I must admit that when he left me I still remained somewhat suspicious and incredulous of this new movement. Nevertheless, G——'s insistence and enthusiasm had extracted from me a promise to enrol myself as a Pelman student.

I duly enrolled.

The first of the "little grey books" of which I had heard so much came as a great surprise to me. I had expected to find a jumble of meaningless mnemonics, a collection of absurdities such as those I had used in my school days to remember the eccentricities of Latin syntax.

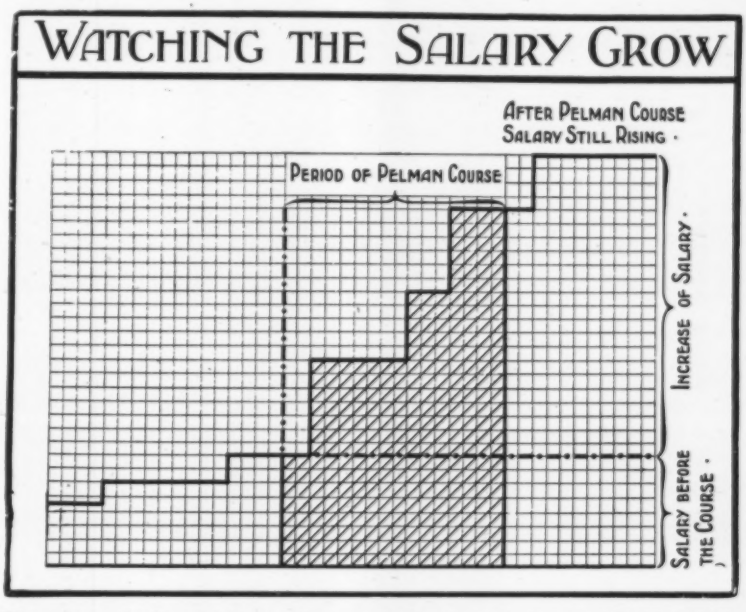
Instead, there was a homely, common-sense talk on the machinery of memory and mentality which brought to the light of my consciousness many things I had never before suspected.

Running through all was a quiet, confident enthusiasm that stimulated my mind to an immeasurable extent. I studied this first book thoroughly, assiduously practised the exercises which it set, and then answered and returned the examination paper. All my doubts were by then laid at rest.

The second of the "little grey books" arrived in due course, and after studying it I began to realise the significance of G——'s phrase, "The Key to Life."

I had until then been immersed in scientific studies necessary to the proper practice of my profession. Although I had qualified I had not achieved distinction. Often I was painfully aware that my knowledge was something cold and dead within me. There was in it no depth or quality of feeling. Now, as Pelmanism was unfolded to me, I began to LIVE, to feel, and to understand more and more of what lay in my profession, and also outside my profession. This understanding and fullness of life was reflected in a great clarity and depth in my scientific work. Where before I had only seen with the eye, I now both perceived and understood, and with this understanding to aid me, I became able with ease to analyse or synthesise, to reach down to elementals and to build up new and more complex ideas and schemes.

The financial results of this mental activity soon made themselves apparent. In pre-Pelman days I was just an underling. Long before I had completed the course I was promoted to a position of responsibility and trust at the head of other men. Here I found ample scope for my newly-acquired initiative, and I continued the study of Pelmanism with ever-increasing delight and progress. **My salary to-day is nearly three hundred per cent. higher than when I commenced to Pelmanise.** I have drawn a graph strictly to scale, showing exactly how Pelmanism accelerated my personal progress. The man who designated Pelmanism "the short cut to success" was assuredly right in his judgment.


WATCHING THE SALARY GROW
AFTER PELMAN COURSE SALARY STILL RISING
PERIOD OF PELMAN COURSE
INCREASE OF SALARY
SALARY BEFORE THE COURSE

The above graph, which was drawn strictly to scale by Student R 20330, the writer of this article, shows exactly how Pelmanism accelerated the progress of his income-earning power. It will be seen that in the period before he took the course the writer's progress, although regular, was slow, and the increases in salary he received were small. Directly he began to follow the course, however, his progress was rapidly speeded up, and within a short period he received three large increases in pay. After completing the course he received another rise, and his salary is now nearly four times as large as it was before he began to Pelmanise. Readers who wish to follow the example of this gentleman should write to-day to the Pelman Institute, 20, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1 (or call personally if possible), for full free particulars of this famous Course.

Pelmanism taught me to cease drifting and make straight for a definite goal. The financial benefit I derived from the course is clearly shown in the graph on this page; but Pelmanism is much more than financially valuable. Its greatest appeal to me lies in the fact that it illuminates understanding and awakens the slumbering intellect. So for the sake of those whose feet are not yet on the highway to success, I have made of my experience a signpost to the shortest cut to success I know—Pelmanism.

Full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory." A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course on special terms, may be obtained gratis and post free by any reader who applies to the Pelman Institute, 20, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1. Write or call to-day.

Overseas Addresses: 46–48, Market Street, Melbourne; Temple Building, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban; Chowpatti, Sea Face, Bombay.

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is a little better: though Mr. Shaw's tendency to copy the least desirable elements of Gilbert's comedy is here again in evidence; and "Great Catherine" seems to me little better than a lamentable effort, by an inferior disciple, in the cynical historical so engagingly used by Mr. Shaw in his play about Cæsar: that method, by the way, obviously derives from the typical Victorian humour of à Beckett's comic histories. Nothing in this volume deserves serious consideration except the first play, "Heartbreak House." In it Mr. Shaw has attempted what he calls "a fantasia in the Russian manner." No doubt he has been influenced by Tchekov in his idea: but in method the play is far more reminiscent of Strindberg's later dramas than of the Russian. Tchekov is a symbolist, as is Ibsen: Strindberg always had a leaning to the inferior mode of allegory, and "Heartbreak House" is sheer allegory. Its action takes place during the war, and a Zeppelin bomb is used as *diabolus ex machina* to end two undesirable characters and cut short the play. The play is an allegory of a Shaw audience, a caricature of an allegory: but Mr. Shaw is mistaken in thinking that his admirers, or even his detractors, make up the people of England. He makes here the same mistake which, before the war, was made by so many bishops and other ministers of religion: they fancied an interest in their affairs which the ordinary man simply did not possess. Since the war, the parsons have learnt how little the world thinks of organised religion: but Mr. Shaw has not learnt how small a part the intellectuals play in the real life of the nations. This mistake invalidates a great deal of the criticism launched against the army and the public in his preface. I am not saying that it is not a pity there is not a more widespread, a deeper interest in the intellectual movements of to-day: but it is wrong to deduce a general indifference from that ignorance. That is the mistake the Germans made. They believed that the English valued cricket more than liberty, and all the facts were on their side—but the truth was otherwise. Mr. Shaw cannot understand a truth which contradicts the available evidence. Just as he believed the problem of the open window was a real objection to married life, and the noise of children a real objection to family life; so he believes the English slackness, lack of science, muddle and humbug are fatal objections to national life. No doubt they should be; but the truth is otherwise. In "Heartbreak House" Mr. Shaw has once more shown his inability to understand people for whom life is more than theories of living, love more than philosophies of loving. The play is full, as is so much of Swift's work, of that impersonal pity which has something inhuman about it, that spiritual condescension which approaches the capital sin of Pride. The casual loves of Hushabye and Lady Utterword, of Elsie and Randall and Mangan have a quality of cynical despair which makes this play one of the least pleasant of Mr. Shaw's "unpleasant" efforts. And this unpleasantness is not redeemed by any great prophetic quality, as are some of the earlier unpleasant plays. As he grows older Mr. Shaw abandons altogether the rôle of the first pioneer, the affirming prophet. The people and the play both scold, and their scolding is grey, unlit by any dignity or hope; the Zeppelin drops its bombs and kills two people and the two least undesirable characters can only say, "But what a glorious experience! I hope they'll come again to-morrow night," and Elsie, who has been engaged to one of the murdered men, echoes, radiant at the prospect, "Oh, I hope so." That is neither true nor funny: it is as untrue as Mr. Shaw's statement in the preface that the public was enraged at the sinking of the *Lusitania* because it involved the death of saloon passengers. The war has been too much for Mr. Shaw, as it was too much for anyone who relied too confidently on the Victorian ideal of prosperity, comfort and common sense. They are not bad ideals, but they must never be put forward as the chief ambitions of man, they are only really to be understood and enjoyed by those who deliberately forsake them and seek first the Kingdom of God.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

CRITICAL DIVERSIONS.*

There is often a disarming modesty about Mr. Gosse's titles. "Gossip in a Library" was one of them, suggesting an invitation to literary chat (perhaps even tea) which it would be simply churlish to accept in an argumentative spirit. Then there were "Critical Kit-Kats" and "French Profiles," with their implications that complete treatment of the matter in hand was not to be looked for. And now, most delicately deprecatory of all, "Some Diversions of a Man of Letters." "Diversions"—what is one to do against that? You cannot heavily contradict an author at his play; especially when that author has earned his play so well as has Mr. Gosse. It would be as bad as throwing brickbats on to a putting-green just as an overworked cabinet minister was measuring his approach.

And yet—is not Mr. Gosse rather bamboozling us with that modesty of his? At any rate some of these papers have been delivered as addresses on quite serious occasions, while others made their first appearance between weighty covers of blue and buff; and, though no doubt Mr. Gosse is privileged to jest, in his decorous way, where lesser fry must keep a solemn face, more than one of them is of serious value. His study of the work of the Warton brothers, for instance, is quite a useful contribution to the history of the origins of the romantic movement, while that of Hardy's lyrical poetry contains some interesting data which are not likely to have appeared elsewhere. Nor is it probable that more satisfyingly intimate portraits will be drawn of Lady Dorothy Nevill, Lord Redesdale or Lord Cromer—three people well worthy of portrayal in Mr. Gosse's well-known manner. And if you *should* want to know about Catharine Trotter, your only hope is in Mr. Gosse.

These essays, however, are well called diversions if it is permissible to use the word to indicate the diversity of their themes. For they stretch from Ralegh (a pleasant paper) down to Mr. Lytton Strachey, who is treated with rather less sympathy, and deal, among others, with Sterne, Edgar Allan Poe (whose second name is spelt with an "e" in the contents list), Bulwer-Lytton, Charlotte Brontë and Disraeli. The paper on the author of "Jane Eyre" is almost too thin for printing; but those on the two dandy-novelist-politicians, whose ways and works so enlivened that early Victorian age of which Mr. Gosse is the enlightened defender, are full of interest. It is curious, however, that in a rather slighting reference to "Henrietta Temple" no mention is made of the admirable comedy of Lady Bellair and Count Alcibiades de Mirabel, which is just what makes the book still worth reading and talking about.

Almost all Mr. Gosse leaves his critics to do is to point out such minor lapses as these, so we take leave to wonder that so appreciative a student of Hardy should have written that "the destruction of the *Titanic* . . . did not awaken our numerous poets to any really remarkable effort, lyrical or elegiac." Surely "The Convergence of the Twain" is not a poem to be easily forgotten. The dismissal in the same paper ("The Future of English Poetry") of the efforts of that short-lived community, the Abbaye de Creteil, is a little too sweeping: Charles Vildrac, though he may not be a great poet, is a writer of originality and charm, whose "Livre d'Amour" will perhaps be remembered when some louder contemporary voices have been forgotten. This judgment is the more surprising in that Mr. Gosse, though a champion of the Victorians, is very wide awake to talent even in the youngest generation.

In view of the second edition into which one takes it for granted that a book by Mr. Gosse will run, it may be worth while to point out a few slips which the printer has made and the author, with the negligence of a gentleman diverting himself, has passed over. Sully-Prudhomme's "Les Épreuves" was published not in 1886 but in 1866 (p. 7), and James I. came to the throne of England in 1603, not 1602 (p. 19). It must be nearer one hundred

* "Some Diversions of a Man of Letters." By Edmund Gosse. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

and fifty than two hundred and fifty years since the Rev. Dr. Thomas Birch issued the remains of Mrs. Catharine Cockburn (*née* Trotter) in "two thick and singularly unpleasing volumes" (p. 61). On p. 106 Pope appears instead of his antithesis, the author of "Ulalume." Something seems to have gone wrong with the last completed sentence on p. 144: to read "end" instead of "tend" is perhaps a plausible emendation. About the last clause in the quotation from Bagehot on p. 205 one is not sure, but it was a pity to drop the "k" from Disraeli's "Revolutionary Epick" (p. 233): the "romantick" termination is so characteristic.

But not to end on a carping note, let us quote a passage which, in its urbane malice, shows how well able Mr. Gosse is to divert his readers as well as himself:

"Although in his attitude to the great Rugby schoolmaster, Mr. Strachey shows more approbation than usual, this portrait has not given universal satisfaction. It has rather surprisingly called forth an indignant protest from Dr. Arnold's granddaughter. Yet such is the perversity of the human mind that the mode in which Mrs. Humphry Ward 'perstringes' the biographer brings us round to that biographer's side. For Mrs. Ward has positively the indiscretion, astounding in a writer of her learning and experience, to demand the exclusion of irony from the legitimate weapons of the literary combatant. This is to stoop to sharing one of the meanest prejudices of the English commonplace mind, which has always resented the use of that delicate and pointed weapon. Moreover, Mrs. Ward does not merely adopt the plebeian attitude, but she delivers herself bound hand and foot to the enemy by declaring the use of irony to be 'unintelligent.' In support of this amazing statement she quotes some wandering phrase of Sainte-Beuve. By the light of recent revelations, whether Sainte-Beuve was ironical or not, he was certainly perfidious. But, to waive that matter, does Mrs. Humphry Ward consider that Swift and Lucian and Machiavelli were, as she puts it, 'doomed to failure' because they used irony as a weapon? Was Heine and is Anatole France conspicuous for want of intelligence? And, after all, ought not Mrs. Ward to remember that if she had a very serious grandfather, she had a still more celebrated uncle, who wrote 'Friendship's Garland.'"

A commentary on the last sentence, by the way, was supplied years ago by Mr. Max Beerbohm.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

WALES IN THE WAR.*

Only those who have some knowledge of the history and the tribal traditions of the Welsh people can fully appreciate the real nature of the appeal which the issue involved in the Great War made to the sentiments of this small and intensely democratic nation. Some cynics are already belittling the motives which induced Great Britain to enter the war against Germany. They say that it was not a genuine regard for the freedom of Belgium or of Serbia, nor an honest belief in the right of small nations to determine for themselves their own form of government, but the maintenance of the selfish interests of the British Empire, which swung the forces of Great Britain into the battle-line against Germany. However plausible this cynical criticism may seem when directed against Great Britain as a world-power—I believe it is but the judgment of minds warped by bitterness—it is not even plausible when applied to Wales. Far be it from me to write of my country in a self-righteous strain; to claim for her national characteristics which she does not possess. But if historical experience, extending over many centuries, has any influence on the character of a nation—and it has—the history and traditions of Wales must influence the attitude of her people towards world-problems of government. The history of the Welsh people differs fundamentally from that of the English; and as the Welsh are intensely nation-conscious, they will always be influenced in political and international issues by the lessons of their own history. The traditions of the English are those of an imperialistic race. The traditions of the Welsh are those of a freedom-loving nation struggling

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ELLIS LLOYD.

MR. SWINNERTON'S NEW NOVEL.*

Why do people marry? Or, anyway, why do they marry so unsuitably? That, Mr. Swinnerton might say, is a problem for the sociologist: what he is concerned with is the consequences of unsuitable marriage. For the trouble between Marian and her husband, between Marian and Cherry, between Cherry and Nigel, between Howard and Cherry might all be shown to spring from the original wrong done when Howard and Marian married. It is the fine women who make these mistakes. Marian is a really splendid character. She can never have had anything essential in common with Howard: and marriage is only justified when there is a real communion of the deep and the inner things of life. After years of married life Marian and Howard have—not drifted apart, they have never really been together—discovered the gap between them. Howard pursues his life of business, of sport, and of casual flirtation; and Marian lives solitarily with her ideas, and begins to brood a little on the approach of autumn, of September.

The worst storms are storms on inland lakes. Suddenly the storm blows up for Marian and Howard. She discovers him carrying on an intrigue with a young girl, the daughter of old friends; he pursues it even in their own house, where Cherry is a guest: and then, unexpectedly, unwillingly, Cherry turns to her. And Marian, just, kind and infinitely patient, is herself suddenly caught up in love for a man much her junior.

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R. E. R.

* "September." By Frank Swinnerton. 7s. net. (Methuen.)

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claim no higher rank than punning, as witness the reference to Mr. Trotter on p. 119. But, as they say themselves: "People are seldom entirely fools; indeed never"; so we are not surprised to find that even when they are busy reading into things meanings that are not really there, our seers do contrive to stimulate the reader so that he begins to realise that there are in institutions and events latent meanings that had quite escaped him. He may, for example, reject the fanciful interpretation they give of the site and function of the National Liberal Club, and yet feel that the passage from the Liberal standpoint to the Imperial and thence to the Financial represents a process that has a meaning and a lesson for him. The educational correlation of reading to the liberal stage, writing to the imperial, and arithmetic to the financial he will probably regard as less convincing. On the other hand there is sober reasoning about the place of the minimum wage, and about the bankers' mystifications, though it is to be feared that the seers have themselves been infected by this mystification when they write: "The first move to a constructive social finance is thus to change the banking community's habit of mind from kakotopian debt to eutopian credit in thinking about public wealth." Yet so great is the attraction of our seers' method that in spite of ourselves we are taken captive by their suggestion that the source of the banking system is to be found in the working classes, and that the multiplication of Bradburys marks the beginning of the adoption of the cheque system by the wage-earners. The further claim that we are on the verge of a pure credit system from which a gold or other concrete standard may be quite eliminated is still more attractive, so attractive indeed that we must warn ourselves against letting our seductive seers lure us too far from the paths of commonplace safety.

The book does not hover all the time on the breezy heights of prophetic abstraction. Part II. descends to particulars, and taking Westminster as a typical city uses it as an example for the guidance of "disoriented citizens." In the various walks suggested through this city our seers keep up their practice of reading into all they see a meaning that may or may not be there, but that is generally suggestive and always attractive.

Part III. deals with Education, and starting with the statement that many of us have been deprived of our share of the social inheritance, examines possibilities of restoring us to our rights. In this section we feel our feet on firmer ground. Certain of the positions here stated will be hotly contested, but on the whole public opinion will be on the side of the seers. In particular the correlation suggested between instruction and education will be approved, and the regionalisation of the universities will at least get favourable consideration. It is here that we find a connection between this volume and the other volume in the series that we have bracketed with it. Our seers, knowing that they cannot remain on the heights all the time, have selected their collaborators from among practical men whose treatment will not only illustrate but also complement their own. Mr. Fawcett is a specialist in geography, and treats of the potential twelve provinces of England from the purely scientific point of view. There is indeed a striking contrast between the editors' volume and this one. No doubt Mr. Fawcett shows how to carry out the devolution demanded by the seers, but he takes their broad theories for granted, and confines himself strictly and wisely to his business as geographer. Well worthy of attention are his six principles according to which he has set about the division of England into provinces. It is interesting to find that on purely geographical principles Ireland would fall naturally into two provinces, one with Belfast as capital, the other with Dublin—but this in passing. More to our present point is the close connection that can be made out between these two volumes of the series. The social inheritance is from the very nature of the case conditioned by local circumstances, and the urgent problem at the present moment of the world's history is just this correlation of social units with geographical environment. Provincialism is a word up till now in bad odour, and particularly in the present connection. Our new universities emphatically resent being called provincial, and are rather grateful to Lord Haldane for suggesting the term "civic." Yet our seers actually emphasise the idea of provincialism, though they take advantage of the popularity of the geographical term "regionalism." They see in the university of each of the regions into which they wish to divide England, just that social ganglion that is needed to keep the province in organic touch with the state as a whole. In their own words, the universities "may even hasten the coming of the dawn by preparing the translation of dreams into deed."

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with his illegitimate son in the neighbourhood of his new settlement, where, too, his fair young daughter is at home, it calls for emotional treatment and gives scope for satirical wit. There is little of those essentials here. The author loads her tale with words and has too little use for the sardonic humour that is her strength. It is possible the book has been spoiled through overcare and overworking; and that Damaris Verity, Sir Charles, her father, Cartaret, the very wooden "Colonel Sahib," rarely mentioned without the advertisement of his blue eyes, with the rest of them, not forgetting Faircloth, the Viking, born—although a love-child—without any sense of humour, are lifeless, gracious shapes because long familiarity has staled them to the author. Written more briefly and with lightness of pen this novel might have been a stimulating joy; but—enough has been said; for it goes against the grain to speak severely of the work of one who over a length of years has deserved well of fiction-readers.

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A GREEN OLIVE TREE. By F. T. Wawn. 6s. (Melrose.)

In his new novel, Mr. Wawn has set himself to analyse with no little subtlety the character and temperament of Robin Gilmer, a young medical student who, faced by the call for recruits in the early days of the war, realises, or believes he realises, that he is a coward, and shames himself and his family by holding back and clinging to specious excuses for avoiding enlistment. Neighbours, friends and servants look askance at him; his father is chagrined; the only person who understands and champions him unfailingly is his sister Eva, a girl as delightfully feminine as she is unconventional. The love between these two is finely and delicately portrayed. Eva comes near to making a great sacrifice to avert a menace of exposure and disgrace from her brother, and in the heat of his passionate resolve to save her from this sacrifice he discovers he is not the coward he had thought himself. Mr. Wawn has a gracious style and a quiet sense of humour; in "A Green Olive Tree" he mingles a little melodrama with his plot, but does it skilfully; his characters—especially the women—are drawn ably and with insight, and, as always, his sentimental touches are charming. A book to be read with interest and with pleasure, both for its story and its workmanship.

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A wonderfully vivid story of an unconventional Whitehall girl who shares with two other girls, equally "modern," a little flat in Bow Street, Covent Garden, and has the misfortune to fall in love with her chief. Sophie's chief—an unusually clever character study—is, to use her own words, "one Baynes, a horrid Civil Servant. A 'regular,' I mean; we're 'temporaries,' and they're 'permanents,' and they make my blood run cold. I can't grumble really because I've got a nice job as secretary-stenographer to the said Baynes, but I don't like him. He's always courteous, but as fussy as twenty-four old maids. I don't dislike him either, really, though I did at first. But he's so unhuman! Never varies an inch, and his umbrella always carefully folded." Add to this that Baynes is forty-eight years old, and unhappily married to a woman of higher social status than his own, and imagine the conflagration that occurs when Sophie discovers that Baynes is indeed human, human as herself, and stirred by the same devastating passion. The story leads skilfully and inevitably to the emotional climax and leaves the reader busy sorting out his own ideas on the benefits of marriage and respectability.

MA PETTENGILL. By Harry Leon Wilson. 6s. net. (John Lane.)

Perhaps some readers of this novel are like the present critic, unaware that the heroine has already appeared in a previous novel by Mr. Wilson. But she is still overflowing with shrewd observations and a fluent power of story-telling. She is the stout, capable mistress of a ranch, who entertains a visitor with eleven sketches of life, from Chinese servants to cinema artists, from the cynical school teacher, who said that "absolutely nothing in the world could be so repugnant to her as a roomful of the little animals writing on slates with squeaky pencils," to the ranchman trying to knit a sweater for some boy in the trenches. "He held up an unfinished thing before his grieved eyes and devoutly wished it in the place of the punishment of the wicked dead." There is a racy humour in the book that tells. But why will authors put their best chapters out of order? The way to read this book is to take the last chapter first and the first last. Ma Pettengill is never elusive, but in the opening story she is less direct than usual, and readers might be put off if they did not start with delightful tales like "A Love Story" or "One Arrowhead Day," which lie further on.

THE OLD CONTEMPTIBLES. By Boyd Cable. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

No stories of the war excel in simple realism, in their strong sense of actuality, those that have been written by Boyd Cable. They are alive with such deeds of courage and rugged heroism as fire the quietest imagination, poignant with pathos or tragedy or droll or grim humour, and they have so convincing an air of truth that one reads them feeling they are no fiction but brilliant records of fact. Boyd Cable was himself one of the fighting men; he writes from personal experience, and one takes it that, in the main, his tales are of events and incidents that really happened. "I do not claim to be writing history," he says in a foreword, "but there are many of the tales which will be familiar in substance to the men of 1914 and '15; and I hope they may serve to record some of the feats of the men of the old Regular Army, the spirit in which they went to war, and the undaunted courage and good heart with which they faced incredible hardships and overwhelming odds." This the stories do with a realistic vividness, and descriptive and emotional power that is the more effective for its perfect restraint. Read "Cheers" to be reminded of the fine brotherliness that grew up between officers and men; and such as "The Rearguard," "The Impossible," or "At All Costs" to be thrilled by the stubborn, unbreakable fighting qualities of the Old Contemptibles; and "Long Odds" for a story that epitomises the whole spirit and outlook of those gallant Englishmen who fought and fell on the Great Retreat. This tale of a Canadian, a French Infantryman and a British Tommy who automatically took command and led them in a stubborn but perfectly hopeless defence against an advancing German squadron is surely one of the quaintest, most moving, most thrilling stories of the war, and it is the more thrilling because of the grim, curious touch of humour that enters into it. The Old Contemptibles could have no abler historian than Boyd Cable, and no author could have finer, more glorious themes than they have provided him with. The valour of those Mons men of ours has already passed into a legend, and the legend is justified to the full by this book.

THE CHINESE PUZZLE. By Marian M. Bower and Leon M. Lion. 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson.)

The great fault with novels based on plays is their confined orbit of action. The present book is no exception to the rule. It adheres rigidly to the one central incident around which the play revolves—the unauthorised publication of the details of the secret Chinese Loan. The ingredients of the successful play are so diametrically different to those of the novel that one wishes the authors had taken more liberties with their plot and created other subsidiary interests. Despite this they are to be complimented upon an exceedingly good piece of work. The characterisation throughout is well done, achieving a high degree of excellence in the person of Chi Lung, whose quaint Eastern-ness and final magnificent sacrifice are sketched in a manner

that is altogether admirable. The dramatic situations in the play gain, if anything, by their transplantation into the written word, for the authors have the gift of terse dialogue and swift action. As an exposition of Chinese character and emotions, and of the sound philosophy that underlies that placid exterior, this book is probably unsurpassed. Both to those who have seen the play and those who have not it can be unhesitatingly recommended.

The Bookman's Table.

THE GREATER LOVE. By Raymond Heywood. 2s. 6d. net and 1s. 6d. (paper wrapper). (Elkin Mathews.)

This book of verse by a Devonshire soldier poet contains many lyrics that have the poignancy and delicacy of Heine's songs without any touch of Heine's bitterness. "In Rheims Cathedral" may recall Matthew Arnold's unrhymed poems, but there is a childlike simplicity and warmth of faith in its last line not always found in the older poet, though present in "Stagirius" and "Rugby Chapel." The music of Mr. Heywood's "Remembrance" is uplifting in its sweetness, yet never cheap or flimsy. The grief and love enshrined in his verses are always ennobling, always make the reader feel that—to quote his own words—"God is very near," and that the supreme sacrifice of war was made in obedience to a Divine call. One dainty love lyric must be quoted in full:

" . . . Dear—
If you should wander down the twilight ways,
When my tired heart is hushed, and I am dead,
Bring flowers to me—Sweet Peas of fairy hue,
And lay them on my bed;
Grave, gentle dames in little purple caps,
Wee babes in palest blue,
Fair maids in gowns of tender pearl and rose
And crimson bonnets too;
Dear—bring me these
At twilight-time, and then perhaps I'll hear
The little fairies dancing on my bed,
I'll dream of you—and feel that you are near—
Because you love Sweet Peas."

HISTORY OF DUMBARTONSHIRE. By John Irving. 15s. (Bennett & Thomson.)

After nearly sixty years a son happily succeeds his father as author of what is practically a new history of his native county. In 1859 Joseph Irving published his monumental work on Dumbartonshire. This has long been out of print, and copies are scarce. The new issue could not be in hands more capable than those of Mr. Irving the younger. With commendable zeal and painstaking thoroughness he has overhauled the original undertaking and added much information unavailable at the earlier date. The story of Dumbarton (more correctly Dunbarton) is in great measure the story of Scotland. So well situated by nature for purposes of defence, the bold bluff on the Clyde which gave the place its name has given birth also to a history as romantic and as chequered as that of the Castle Rock of Edinburgh. Throughout diverse regimes Dumbarton has ever played a conspicuous part. It was first of all the capital of the ancient province of Valentia, when the Romans were lords of the land. Afterwards it became the chief fortress of the British Kingdom of Strathclyde. And all through the period when Scotland was in the making, apart from Edinburgh no place filled so considerable a niche in the fortunes of the nation. Mr. Irving's monograph constitutes a chronicle of every noteworthy event connected with the town and its venerable castle, and the student of local history may congratulate himself that the task of bringing those fascinating records together has fallen to so true and patriotic a son of the old Rock. This, however, is only a first instalment, which will be followed by two further parts, embracing the entire county and its manifold interests.

CINDERELLA IN THE SOUTH. By Arthur Shearly Cripps. 6s. net. (Blackwell: Oxford.)

This is an excellent book, indeed a wonderful book, though on the surface it is all about mission life in Mashonaland, or here and there in South Africa. Sketches, papers or stories, all detached and yet connected by the bond of the writer's personality—not to speak of Afric's sun, the locale and its atmosphere—it is full of real life and the kind of life which is aware of Almighty God right close on its further side. It seems to me also that He is abiding on the hither side, even if not so clearly. Mr. Cripps, technically speaking, may or may not be an English clergyman—he tells us nothing of his business—but essentially he belongs to a legion of spiritual frontiersmen, of any and all denominations, but so truly catholic that the official distinctions between churches and sects, though they may remain officially speaking, are shining in that unity which comes from the light of the spirit. And this is his notebook, in which he does not tell us but by which we see and know that he has been doing gospel work out there, and has been living the gospel also, carrying the sacrament of a tobacco pipe to all the places of his pilgrimage. I took up the volume expecting folk-lore and some two-hundredth variant of the glass slipper and the maid among the ashes. I lay no claim on my notion why it is called "Cinderella in the South," but the question does not signify. "As Trees Walking," "The Leper Windows" and its sequel—not to speak of other sketches, a baker's dozen and over—have cured my curiosity on a mere problem of title and more than cured my dejection when I found myself far enough from a new field of folk-lore or an old fold revisited. Moreover, it is worth losing a considerable cycle of myth to meet that Bishop in Mashonaland who hoped to see pied African lambs and kids in church yet, a festival of herds on St. Luke's Day and St. John's fires in mission stations about Christmas-time. Though one of those who have no use for South Africa *per se*, I am going to keep this book in a near place by the chimney-corner and call a blessing on its author whenever I take it up. Its proper title is, of course, "Concerning God in Africa."

PULL THE BOBBIN. By Queenie Scott-Hopper. 5s. net. (Harrap.)

Here is a delightful book of child verse. Miss Queenie Scott-Hopper writes with charm and ease; she has a swinging and invigorating way with her, and whether she is telling us about the Railway Tunnel, or Robin Redbreast's Pincushion, or The Rainbow and the Flying Man, or any other of the many and varied subjects she touches in "Pull the Bobbin," it is always something fresh and interesting that she has to say. Charming as the verses are, however, most of them betray the Grown-up who is writing *about* children and who is expressing her own thoughts rather than those of the children in her verses. For instance, no child would think or speak as Harry does in "Harry's Valentine." This is the last verse;

"This lady whom I love the best—
She never hurts you with a jest,
She never scorn's Love's clumsiest sign . . .
My Mother is my Valentine."

On the other hand, there are some real child verses like "Very Nearly" and "Blowing Bubbles" which begins:

"A little brown bowl full of soapsuds (don't shake them!)
Three slim white clay pipes (please take care not to break them!)
The oldest of clothes, o'er which nobody troubles,
And into the garden we go to blow bubbles. . . ."

The book is beautifully illustrated by Winifred M. Ackroyd. Her colours and decorative schemes are a joy to the eye—exquisite work.

HISTORY OF ZIONISM, 1600-1918. Vol. II. By Nahum Sokolow. 21s. net. (Longmans.)

This second volume of the "History of Zionism" contains the continuation and conclusion of the historical account of the movement up to the outbreak of war in 1914, and also an account of the various developments during the war, and recent activities up to the Peace Conference. M. Stephen Pichon, the Minister of Foreign Affairs for France, contributes a most sympathetic introduction, and in a series of valuable appendices will be

found a large and interesting collection of no less than ninety-one documents, many of them from rare originals, relating to the Jews' aspirations towards their fatherland during the past three centuries. The work deals principally with the history of Zionism in England and France, and of course its culmination is the announcement of the British Government's favourable attitude towards the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people. The scope and treatment of this work are exceedingly interesting and effective. M. Sokolow has very wisely refrained from rhetoric or polemics, and contented himself with recording accurately the various phases in the long struggle for Zionism. So much greater is the value of the two volumes.

BIRD BEHAVIOUR. By Frank Finn, F.Z.S. 7s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

This enchanting volume on birds and bird lore is assured of a hearty welcome for its own sake, and because of its author whose profound knowledge of the subject is universally accepted as an unfailing guide. He begins by deploring the fact that the study of birds is often looked down upon by general zoologists as a trifling pursuit, because birds are of little interest from the point of view of comparative anatomy, but points out that just because the numerous species and families of birds show a very narrow range of differentiation they afford an attractive study. Their habits are of manifold variety and even in the case of the commonest and most familiar species are not by any means fully understood. Indeed sometimes less well understood than those of comparatively inaccessible ones: Mr. Finn points out that through the excellent observations made recently in the Antarctic, "we know more about the mind and life of the Adélie Penguin, one of the remotest birds on the globe, than we do about those of the peacock, the best known by sight and reputation of all birds for a couple of thousand years." Well, Mr. Finn will teach the reader much that he may never have observed or known, and in a most fascinating way, and he will set you agog to observe for yourself.

DRESSING GOWNS AND GLUE. Verses by Captain L. de G. Sieveking, D.S.C. With Illustrations by John Nash. Edited by Paul Nash.

Both verses and pictures in this quaint and amusing book embody a spirit of fun—rollicking, nonsensical fun, as the title suggests. It is a pity the volume is so slender—even though brevity *is* the soul of wit; we could have done with more of Captain Sieveking's irresponsible rhymes, and more of John Nash's ludicrous drawings, and more too of Paul Nash's and G. K. Chesterton's and Max Beerbohm's and Cecil Palmer's delightful introductions. With such glowing tributes to writer and artist as Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Beerbohm pour forth, the book can hardly fail to be a success. If sheer novelty and blatant absurdity can win popularity, its future is assured. Captain Sieveking does not appear to have been damped by his experiences in a German prison, and, as Mr. Chesterton suggests, if the reader turns to the page containing the verses entitled, "Charm Against Fright," "he will learn by what process Captain Sieveking was enabled to get the D.S.C." These are the verses, and they give an excellent example of the whimsical humour that characterises the book:

"When I am frightened by bogies or spooks,
Or Things that go flop in the night,
Or Things that start hooting like peacocks and rooks—
Or when I've been reading sensational books
And something goes wrong with the light—
Then I try to keep cool and collected and calm,
To avoid at all costs going mad!
And I find that the use of this family charm,
Is the best antidote to be had:

"By reciting the alphabet backwards
And tying my toes into knots,
And holding my breath for ten minutes,
And thinking of millions of dots—
And knitting my eyebrows with needles,
It produces a soothing effect . . .
You haven't got time to be frightened!
You've heard of this way, I expect."

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